



T. Wechnoth. Sculp.

EDWARD YOUNG, L. L. D.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD YOUNG, LL. D.
WITH
THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

IN THREE VOLUME.

VOL. I. - 17



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IN THE STRAITS

1773

THE LIFE
OF
EDWARD YOUNG ;
FROM THE LIVES OF THE BRITISH POETS.

BY
SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

Now let the Atheist tremble, thou alone
Can'st bid his conscious heart the GODHEAD own—
O thou hast pow'r the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm ;
To fix the soul on God ; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind ;
By stricter rules well-govern'd life to sear,
And practice o'er the angel in the man.

T. Wharton.

THE following life was written, at my request, by a gentleman who had better information than I could easily have obtained ; and the public will, perhaps, wish, that I had solicited and obtained more such favors from him.

DEAR SIR,

In consequence of our different conversations about authentic materials for the life of Young, I send you the following detail:

Of great men something must always be said

to gratify curiosity. Of the illustrious Author of the Night Thoughts, much has been told of which there never could have been proofs; and little care appears to have been taken, to tell that, of which proofs, with little trouble, might have been procured.

EDWARD YOUNG was born at Upham, near Winchester, in June 1681. He was the son of Edward Young, at that time fellow of Winchester College and rector of Upham: who was the son of Jo. Young of Woodhay in Berkshire, styled by Wood, *gentleman*. In September 1682, the Poet's father was collated to the prebendary of Gillingham Minor, in the church of Sarum, by bishop Ward. When Ward's faculties were impaired through age, his duties were necessarily performed by others. We learn from Wood, that, at a visitation of Sprat's, July the 12th, 1686, the prebendary preached a Latin sermon, afterwards published,—with which the bishop was so pleased, that he told the chapter, he was concerned to find the preacher had one of the worst prebends in their church. Some time after this,—in consequence of his merit and reputation, or of the interest of Lord Bradford, to whom, in 1702, he dedicated two volumes of sermons,—he was appointed chaplain to King William and Queen Mary, and preferred to the deanery of Sarum. Jacob, who wrote in 1720, says, 'he was chaplain and clerk of the closet to the late Queen, who honored him by standing god-mother to the poet. His fellowship of Winchester, he resigned, in favor of a gentleman of the name of Harris

who married his only daughter. The dean died at Sarum, after a short illness, in 1705, in the sixty-third year of his age. On the Sunday after his decease, Bishop Burnet preached at the cathedral, and began his sermon with saying: 'Death has been of late walking round us, and making breach upon breach upon us, and has now carried away the head of this body with a stroke; so that he whom you saw a week ago distributing the holy mysteries, is now laid in the dust. But he still lives in the many excellent directions he has left us, both how to live, and how to die.'

The dean placed his son upon the foundation at Winchester College, where he had himself been educated. At this school Edward Young remained, till the election after his eighteenth birth-day, the period at which those upon the foundation are superannuated. Whether he did not betray his abilities early in life; or his masters had not skill enough to discover in their pupil any marks of genius for which he merited reward; or no vacancy at Oxford, afforded them an opportunity to bestow upon him, the reward provided for merit by William of Wikeham; certain it is, that to an Oxford fellowship our poet did not succeed. By chance, or by choice, New College cannot claim the honor of numbering among its fellows, him who wrote the *Night Thoughts*.

On the 13th of October 1703, he was entered an independent member of New College, that he might live at little expence in the Warden's lodgings, who was a particular friend of

his father's, till he should be qualified to stand for a fellowship at All Souls. In a few months, the warden of New College died. He then removed to Corpus College. The president of this society, from regard also for his father, invited him thither, in order to lessen his academical expences. In 1708, he was nominated to a law fellowship at All Souls by Archbishop Tenison, into whose hands it came by devolution. Such repeated patronage, while it justifies Burnet's praise of the father, reflects credit on the conduct of the son. The manner in which it was exerted seems to prove, that the father did not leave behind him much wealth.

On the 23d of April, 1714, Young took his degree of *bachelor of civil laws*; and his *doctor's degree*, on the 10th of June 1719. Soon after he went to Oxford, he discovered, it is said, an inclination for pupils. Whether he ever commenced tutor is not known. None has hitherto boasted to have received his academical instruction from the author of the *Night Thoughts*.

It is probable, that his college was proud of him no less as a scholar than as a poet; for in 1716, when the foundation of the Codrington Library was laid, two years after he had taken his *bachelor's degree*, Young was appointed to speak the Latin oration. This is at least particular for being dedicated, in English, 'To the *Ladies of the Codrington family*.' To these ladies he says, 'that he was unavoidably flung into a singularity, by being obliged to write an *epistle dedicatory*, void of common-place, and such an one as was never published before by

any author whatever: that this practice absolved them, from any obligation of reading what was presented to them; and that the bookseller approved of it, because it would make people stare, was absurd enough, and perfectly right.'

Of this oration there is no appearance in his own edition of his works:—and, prefixed to an edition by Curll and Tonson, 1741, is a letter from Young to Curll, if we may credit Curll, dated December the 9th, 1739, wherein he says, that he has not leisure to review what he formerly wrote, and adds, 'I have not the *Epistle to Lord Lansdowne*. If you will take my advice, I would have you omit that, and the oration on Codrington. I think the collection will sell better without them.'

There are who relate, that, when first Young found himself independent, and his own master at All Souls, he was not the ornament to religion and morality which he afterwards became.

The authority of his father, indeed had ceased, sometime before, by his death; and Young was certainly not ashamed to be patronized by the infamous Wharton. But Wharton befriended in Young, perhaps, the poet, and particularly the tragedian. If virtuous authors must be patronized only by virtuous peers,—who shall point them out?

Yet Pope is said by Ruffhead to have told Warburton, that 'Young had much of a sublime genius, though without common sense; so that his genius, having no guide, was perpetually liable to degenerate into bombast. This made him pass a *foolish youth*, the sport of

peers and poets; but his having a very good heart enabled him to support the clerical character, when he assumed it, first with decency, and afterwards with honor.

They who think ill of Young's morality in the early part of his life, may perhaps be wrong; but Tindal could not err, in his opinion of Young's warmth and ability in the cause of religion. Tindal used to spend much of his time at All Souls. 'The other boys,' said the atheist, 'I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their arguments, which I have read an hundred times; but that fellow Young is continually pestering me with something of his own.*'

After all, Tindal and the censurers of Young may be reconcilable. Young might, for two or three years, have tried that kind of life, in which his natural principles would not suffer him to wallow long. If this were so, he has left behind him not only his evidence in favor of virtue, but the potent testimony of experience against vice.

We shall soon see, that one of his earliest productions was more serious than what comes from the generality of unfledged poets.

Young perhaps ascribed the good fortune of Addison to the *Poem to his Majesty*, presented,

* As my great friend is now become the subject of biography, it should be told, that, every time I called upon Johnson, during the time I was employed in collecting materials for this life and putting it together, he never suffered me to depart without some such farewell as this: 'Don't forget that rascal Tindal, Sir. Be 'sure to hang up the Atheist.' Alluding to this anecdote, which Johnson had mentioned to me.

with a copy of verses, to Somers, and hoped that he also might soar to wealth and honors on wings of the same kind. His first poetical flight was, when Queen Anne called up to the House of Lords, the sons of the Earls of Northampton and Aylesbury; and added, in one day, ten others to the number of peers. In order to reconcile the people to one, at least, of the new lords, he published, in 1712, *An Epistle to the Right Honorable George Lord Lansdowne*. In this composition the poet pours out his panegyric with the extravagance of a young man, who thinks his present stock of wealth will never be exhausted.

The poem seems intended also to reconcile the public to the late peace. This is endeavored to be done, by shewing, that men are slain in war, and that in peace, 'harvests wave, and commerce swells her sail.' If this be humanity, for which he meant it; is it politics? Another purpose of this epistle appears to have been,—to prepare the public for the reception of some tragedy he might have in hand. His lordship's patronage, he says, will not let him 'repent his passion for the stage;'—and the particular praise, bestowed on *Othello*, and *Oroonoko*, looks as if some such character as Zanga was, even then, in contemplation. The affectionate mention of the death of his friend, Harrison of New College, at the close of this poem, is an instance of Young's art, which displayed itself so wonderfully some time afterwards in the *Night Thoughts*, of making the public a party in his private sorrow.

Should justice call upon you to censure this poem,—it ought at least to be remembered, that he did not insert it in his works; and that in the letter to Curll, as we have seen, he advises its omission. The booksellers, in the late body of English Poetry, should have distinguished what was deliberately rejected by the respective authors.* This I shall be careful to do with regard to Young. ‘I think,’ says he, ‘the following pieces in *four* volumes to be the most excusable of all that I have written; and I wish *less apology* was needful for these. As there is no recalling what is got abroad, the pieces here republished I have revised and corrected, and rendered them as *pardonable* as it was in my power to do.’

Shall the gates of repentance be shut only against literary sinners?

When Addison published *Cato* in 1713, Young had the honor of prefixing to it a commendatory copy of verses. This is one of the pieces, which the author of the *Night Thoughts* did not republish.

On the appearance of his *Poem on the Last Day*, Addison did not return Young’s compliment; but *The Englishman* of October 29, 1713, which was probably written by Addison, speaks handsomely of this poem. The *Last Day* was published soon after the peace. The vice-chancellor’s *imprimatur*, for it was first printed at Oxford, is dated May the 19th, 1713. From the exordium,—Young appears, to have

* Dr. Johnson, in many cases, thought and directed differently, particularly in Young’s Works.

spent some time on the composition of it. While other bards 'with Britain's hero set their souls on fire,' he draws, he says, a deeper scene. Marlborough *had been* considered by Britain as her HERO; but, when the *Last Day* was published, female cabal had blasted, for a time, the laurels of Blenheim. This serious poem was finished by Young as early as 1710, before he was thirty; for part of it is printed in the *Tatler*. It was inscribed to the Queen,—in a dedication, which for some reason he did not admit into his work. It tells her, that his only title to the great honor he now does himself, is the obligation which he formerly received from her royal indulgence.

Of this obligation nothing is now known, unless he alluded to her being his godmother. He is said, indeed to have been engaged, at a settled stipend, as a writer for the court. In Swift's *Rhapsody on Poetry* are these lines, speaking of the court—

Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace;
Where Pope will never shew his face,
Where Y———must torture his invention,
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension:

That Y——— means Young, seems clear from four other lines in the same poem:

Attend, ye Popes and Youngs and Gays!
And tune your harps, and strew your bays;
Your panegyries here provide;
You cannot err on flattery's side.

Yet who shall say with certainty, that Young was a pensioner? In all modern periods of this country, have not the writers on one side been regularly called *hirelings*, and on the other *patriots*?

Of the dedication the complexion is clearly political. It speaks, in the highest terms, of the late peace;—it gives her Majesty praise, indeed, for her victories; but says, that the author is more pleased to see her rise, from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, and leaving the fixed stars behind her; nor will he loose her there, he says, but keep her still in view through the boundless spaces on the other side of creation, in her journey toward eternal bliss,—till he behold the heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving and conveying her still onward from the stretch of his imagination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to earth.

The Queen was soon called away from this lower world, to a place where human praise, or human flattery, even less general than this, is of little consequence. If Young thought the dedication contained only the praise of truth; he should not have omitted it in his works. Was he conscious of the exaggeration of party? Then he should not have written it. The poem itself is not without a glance towards politics, notwithstanding the subject. The cry that the church was in danger, had not yet subsided. The *Last Day*, written by a layman, was much approved by the ministry, and their friends.

Before the Queen's death, *The Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love*, was sent into the world. This poem is founded on the execution of Lady Jane Gray and her husband Lord Guildford, 1554; a story chosen for the subject

of a tragedy by Edmund Smith, and *wrought* into a tragedy by Rowe. The dedication of it to the Countess of Salisbury, does not appear in his own edition. He hopes it may be some excuse for his presumption, that the story could not have been read without thoughts of the Countess of Salisbury, though it had been dedicated to another. ‘To behold,’ he proceeds, ‘a person *only* virtuous, stirs in us a prudent regret; to behold a person *only* amiable to the sight, warms us with a religious indignation; but to turn our eyes on a Countess of Salisbury, gives us pleasure and improvement; works a sort of miracle, occasions the bias of our nature to fall off from sin, and makes our very senses and affections converts to our religion, and promoters of our duty.’ His flattery was as ready for the other sex as for ours,—and was at least as well adapted.

August the 27th, 1714, Pope writes to his friend Jervas, that he is just arrived from Oxford; that every one is much concerned for the Queen’s death, but that no panegyrics are ready yet for the King. Nothing like friendship had yet taken place between Pope and Young; for, soon after the event which Pope mentions, Young published a *Poem on the Queen’s death, and his Majesty’s accession to the throne*. It is inscribed to Addison, then secretary to the Lords Justices. Whatever were the obligations which he had formerly received from Anne, the poet appears to aim at something of the same sort from George. Of the poem the intention seems to have been to shew, that

he had the same extravagant strain of praise for a king as for a queen. To discover, at the very outset of a foreigner's reign, that the Gods bless his new subjects in such a king is something more than praise. Neither was this deemed one of his *excusable pieces*. We do not find it in his works.

Young's father had been well acquainted with Lady Anne Wharton, the first wife of Thomas Wharton, Esq. afterwards Marquis of Wharton; a lady celebrated, for her poetical talent, by Burnet and by Waller.

To the Dean of Sarum's visitation-sermon, already mentioned, were added some verses 'by that excellent poetess Mrs. Anne Wharton,' upon its being translated into English, at the instance of Waller by Atwood. Wharton, after he became ennobled, did not drop the son of his old friend. In him, during the short time he lived, Young found a patron; and, in his dissolute descendant, a friend and a companion. The Marquis died in April 1715. In the beginning of the next year the young Marquis set out upon his travels, from which he returned in about a twelvemonth. The beginning of 1717 carried him to Ireland; where, says the Biographia, 'on the score of his extraordinary qualities, he had the honor done him of being admitted, though under age, to take his seat in the House of Lords.'

With this unhappy character, it is not likely that Young went to Ireland. From his *Letter to Richardson on Original Composition*, it is clear, he was, at some period of his life, in that

country. 'I remember,' says he, in that letter, speaking of Swift, 'as I and others were taking with him an evening walk, about a mile out of Dublin, he stopt short;—we passed on; but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, 'I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top.' Is it not probable, that this visit to Ireland was paid, when he had an opportunity of going thither with his avowed friend and patron?

From *The Englishman* it appears that a tragedy by Young, was in the theatre so early as 1713. Yet *Busiris* was not brought upon Drury-Lane stage till 1719. It was inscribed to the Duke of Newcastle, 'because the late instances he had received of his Grace's undeserved and uncommon favor, in an affair of some consequence foreign to the theatre, had taken from him the privilege of chusing a patron.' The dedication he afterwards suppressed.

Busiris was followed in the year 1721 by *The Revenge*. He dedicated this famous tragedy to the Duke of Wharton. 'Your Grace,' says the dedication, 'has been pleased to make yourself accessory to the following scenes, not only by suggesting the most beautiful incident in them, but by making all possible provision for the success of the whole.'

That his Grace should have suggested the incident to which he alludes, whatever that incident might have been, is not unlikely. The last

mental exertion of the superannuated young man, in his quarters at Lerida, in Spain, was, *some scenes of a tragedy on the story of Mary Queen of Scots.*

Dryden dedicated *Marriage à la Mode* to Wharton's infamous relation, Rochester; whom he acknowledged not only as the defender of his poetry, but as the promoter of his fortune. Young concludes his address to Wharton thus—
'My present fortune is his bounty, and my future his care; which I will venture to say will be always remembered to his honor, since he, I know, intended his generosity as an encouragement to merit, though, through his very pardonable partiality to one who bears him so sincere a duty and respect, I happen to receive the benefit of it.' That he ever had such a patron as Wharton, Young took all the pains in his power to conceal from the world, by excluding this dedication from his works. He should have remembered, that he at the same time concealed his obligation to Wharton for *the most beautiful incident* in what is, surely, not his least beautiful composition. The passage just quoted is, in a poem afterwards addressed to Walpole, literally copied:

Be this thy partial smile from censure free;
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

While Young,—who, in his *Love of Fame*, complains, grievously, how often 'dedications wash an Æthiop white,'—was painting an amiable Duke of Wharton, in perishable prose; Pope

was, perhaps, beginning to describe the 'scorn and wonder of his days,' in lasting verse.

To the patronage of such a character, had Young studied men as much as Pope, he would have known how little to have trusted. Young, however, was certainly indebted, to it, for something material; and the Duke's regard for Young, added to his 'Lust of Praise,' procured to All Souls College a donation which was not forgotten by the poet when he dedicated *The Revenge*.

It will surprize you to see me cite II. Atkins, Case 136, *Stiles versus the Attorney General*, 14 March, 1740; as authority for the life of a poet. But biographers do not always find such certain guides, as the oaths of the persons whom they record. Chancellor Hardwicke was to determine, whether two annuities, granted by the Duke of Wharton to Young, were for legal considerations. One was dated the 24th of March, 1719, and accounted for his Grace's bounty in a style princely and commendable, if not legal—'Considering that the public good is advanced by the encouragement of learning and the polite arts, and being pleasedt herein with the attempts of Dr. Young, in consideration thereof, and of the love I bear him,' &c. The other was dated the 10th of July, 1722.

Young, on his examination, swore, that,—he quitted the Exeter family, and refused an annuity of 100*l.* which had been offered him for his life, if he would continue tutor to Lord Burleigh,—upon the pressing solicitations of the Duke of Wharton, and his Grace's assurance

of providing for him in a much more ample manner. It also appeared that the Duke had given him a bond for 600*l.* dated the 15th of March, 1721, in consideration of his taking several journeys, and being at great expences, in order to be chosen member of the House of Commons, at the Duke's desire; and in consideration of his not taking two livings of 200*l.* and 400*l.* in the gift of All Souls College, on his Grace's promises of serving and advancing him in the world.

Of his adventures in the Exeter family, I am unable to give any account. The attempt to get into Parliament was at Cirencester, where Young stood a contested election. His Grace discovered in him—talents for oratory, as well as for poetry. Nor was this judgment wrong. Young, after he took orders, became a very popular preacher; and was much followed, for the grace and animation of his delivery. By his oratorical talents, he was, once in his life, according to the *Biographia*, deserted. As he was preaching, in his turn, at St. James's,—he plainly perceived, it was out of his power to command the attention of the audience. This so affected the feelings of the preacher, that he sat back in the pulpit, and burst into tears. But we must pursue his poetical life.

In 1719, he lamented the death of Addison, in a Letter addressed to their common friend Tickell. For the secret history of the following lines, if they contain any, it is now vain to seek:

*In joy once join'd, in sorrow, now, for years—
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due.*

From your account of Tickell it appears that he and Young used to 'communicate to each other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things.'

In 1719 appeared a *Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job*. Parker, to whom it is dedicated, had not long, by means of the seals, been qualified for a patron. Of this work the *author's opinion* may be known from his Letter to Curll. 'You seem, in the Collection you propose, to have omitted what I think may claim the first place in it; I mean "A Translation from Part of Job," printed by Mr. Tonson.' The dedication, which was only suffered to appear in Mr. Tonson's edition,—while it speaks with satisfaction of his present retirement, seems to make an unusual struggle to escape from retirement. But every one who sings in the dark, does not sing from joy. It is addressed, in no common strain of flattery, to a chancellor, of whom he clearly appears to have had no kind of knowledge.

Of his Satires it would not have been impossible to fix the *dates*, without the assistance of first editions,—which, as you had occasion to observe in your account of Dryden, are with difficulty found. We must then have referred to the *poems*, to discover when they were written. For these internal notes of time we should not have referred in vain. The first Sa-

tire laments that ' Guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled.' The second, addressing himself, asks,

Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool! at this late time?
A fool at *forty* is a fool indeed.

The Satires were originally published separately, in folio, under the title of *The Universal Passion*. These passages fix the appearance of the first to about 1275, the time at which it came out. As Young seldom suffered his pen to dry, after he had once dipped it in poetry,—we may conclude that he began his Satires soon after he had written the *Paraphrase on Job*. The last Satire was, certainly, finished in the beginning of the year 1726. In December 1725, the King, in his passage from Helvoetsluys, escaped, with great difficulty, from a storm, by landing at Rye; and the conclusion of the Satire turns the escape into a miracle, —in such an encomiastic strain of compliment, as Poetry too often seeks to pay to Royalty.

From the sixth of these poems we learn,

'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glow'd with the love of virtue and of art;

since the grateful poet tells us, in the next couplet,

Her favor is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me.

Her Majesty had stood godmother, and given her name, to a daughter of the Lady whom Young married in 1731; and had, perhaps, shown some attention to Lady Elizabeth's future husband.

The fifth Satire, *On Women*, was not published till 1727; and the sixth, not till 1728.

To these poems, when, in 1728, he gathered them into one publication, he prefixed a Preface; in which he observes, that 'no man can converse much in the world, but at what he meets with, he must either (be insensible or) grieve, or be angry, or smile. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule,' he adds, 'I think most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence. Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another than by reason, whatever some teach.' So wrote, and so of course thought, the lively and witty satirist at the grave age of almost fifty, who many years earlier in life, wrote the *Last Day*. After all, Swift pronounced of these Staires, that they should either have been more angry, or more merry.

Is it not somewhat singular that Young preserved, without any palliation, this Preface, so bluntly decisive in favor of laughing at the world, in the same collection of his works which contains the mournful, angry, gloomy *Night Thoughts*?

At the conclusion of the Preface he applies Plato's beautiful fable of the *Birth of Love* to modern poetry, with the addition, 'that Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to blindness,—which makes her mistake her way to prefer-

ments and honors; and that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family; but divides her favors, and generally lives with her mother's relations.' Poetry, it is true, did not lead Young to preferments or to honors; but was there not something like blindness, in the flattery which he sometimes forced her, and her sister Prose, to utter? She was always, indeed, taught by him to entertain a most dutiful admiration of riches; but surely Young, though nearly related to Poetry, had no connexion with her whom Plato makes the mother of Love. That he could not well complain of being related to Poverty, appears, clearly, from the frequent bounties which his gratitude records, and from the wealth which he left behind him. By the *Universal Passion* he acquired no vulgar fortune, more than three thousand pounds. A considerable sum had already been swallowed up in the South-Sea. For this loss he took the vengeance of an author. His muse makes poetical use more than once of a South-Sea Dream.

It is related by Mr. Spence, in his *Manuscript Anecdotes*, on the authority of Mr. Rawlinson, that Young, upon the publication of his *Universal Passion*, received from the Duke of Grafton two thousand pounds; and that, when one of his friends exclaimed, "Two thousand pounds for a poem!" he said, "it was the best bargain he ever made in his life; for the poem was worth four thousand."

The story *may* be true; but it seems to have been raised from the two answers of Lord

Burghley, and Sir Philip Sidney, in Spenser's Life.

After inscribing his satires, not perhaps without the hope of preferments and honors, to such names as the Duke of Dorset, Mr. Dodington, Mr. Spencer Compton, Lady Elizabeth Germain, and Sir Robert Walpole, he returns to plain panegyric. In 1726, he addressed a poem to Sir Robert Walpole, of which the title sufficiently explains the intention. If Young must be acknowledged a ready celebrator, he did not endeavor, or did not choose, to be a lasting one. *The Instalment* is among the pieces he did not admit into the number of his *excusable writings*. Yet it contains a couplet which pretends to pant after the power of bestowing immortality:

Oh how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name.

The bounty of the former reign seems to have been continued, possibly increased, in this. Whatever it might have been, the poet thought he deserved it; for he was not ashamed to acknowledge what, without his acknowledgement, would now perhaps never have been known:

My breast, O Walpole glows with grateful fire.
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poesy.

If the purity of modern patriotism will term Young a pensioner, it must at least be confessed he was a grateful one.

The reign of the new monarch was ushered in, by Young, with *Ocean; an ode*. The hint of it was taken from the royal speech,—which

recommended the increase and encouragement, of the seamen; that they might be 'invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country;' a plan which humanity must lament that policy has not even yet been able, or willing, to carry into execution. Prefixed to the original publication, were an *Ode to the King, Pater Patriæ*, and an *Essay on 'Lyric Poetry.'* It is but justice to confess, that he preserved neither of them; and that the ode itself, which in the first edition, and in the last, consists of seventy-three stanzas, —in the author's *own edition*, is reduced to forty-nine. Among the omitted passages is a *Wish*, that concluded the poem, which few, after having formed it, would confess something like their shame by suppression.

It stood originally so high in the author's opinion, that he intituled the poem, *Ocean, an Ode concluding with a Wish*. This wish consists of thirteen stanzas. The first runs thus:

O may I steal
Along the *vale*
Of humble life, secure from foes!
My friend sincere,
My judgment clear,
And gentle business, my repose—

The three last stanzas are not more remarkable for just *rhymes*; but, altogether, they will make rather a curious page in the life of Young:

Prophetic schemes,
And golden dreams,
May I, unsanguine cast away;

Have what I *have*,
And live, not *leave*,
Enamour'd of the present day!

My hours my own;
My faults unknown;
My chief revenue, in content;
Then leave one *beam*
Of honest *fame*!
And scorn the labor'd monument!

Unhurt my urn
Till that great *turn*
When mighty Nature's self shall die,—
Time cease to glide,
With human Pride,
Sunk in the ocean of eternity!

It is whimsical that he, who was soon to bid adieu to rhyme, should fix upon a measure in which rhyme abounds even to satiety. Of this he said, in his *Essay on Lyric Poetry* prefixed to the poem: 'For the more *harmony*, likewise, I chose the frequent return of rhyme, which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties, overcome, give grace and pleasure. Nor can I account for the *pleasure of rhyme in general* (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.' Yet the moderns surely deserve not much censure for their fondness of what, by his own confession, affords pleasure, and abounds in harmony.

The next paragraph in his *Essay* did not occur to him, when he talked of 'that great turn' in the stanza just quoted. 'But then the writer must take care that the difficulty is overcome,—that is, he must make rhyme consistent with as perfect sense and expression, as could be expected if he was perfectly free from that shackle.'

Another part of this *Essay* will convict the

following stanza of, what every reader will discover in it, 'involuntary burlesque:'

The northern blast,
 The shatter'd mast,
 The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
 The breaking spout,
 The *stars gone out*,
 The boiling streit, the monster's shock.

But would the English poets fill quite so many volumes, if all their productions were to be tried, like this by an elaborate essay on each particular species of poetry of which they exhibit specimens?

If Young be not a lyric poet, he is at least a critic in that sort of poetry; and, if his lyric poetry can be proved bad, it was first proved so by his own criticism. This surely is candid.

Milbourne was styled by Pope 'the fairest of critics,' only because he exhibited his own version of Virgil to be compared with Dryden's which he condemned, and with which every reader had it otherwise in his power to compare it. Young was surely not the most unfair of poets for prefixing to a lyric composition an *Essay on Lyric Poetry*, so just and impartial as to condemn himself.

We shall soon come to a work, before which we find indeed no critical Essay, but which disdains to shrink from the touchstone of the severest critic; and which certainly as I remember to have heard you say, if it contain some of the worst, contains also some of the best things in the language.

Soon after the appearance of *Ocean*,—when he was almost fifty, Young entered into orders.

In April 1728, not long after he put on the gown, he was appointed chaplain to George the Second.

The tragedy of *The Brothers*, which was already in rehearsal, he immediately withdrew from the stage. The managers resigned it, with some reluctance, to the delicacy of the new clergyman. The Epilogue to *The Brothers*, the only appendages to any of his three plays which he added himself,—is, I believe the only one of the kind. He calls it an Historical Epilogue. Finding that ‘Guilt’s dreadful close his narrow scene denied,’ he, in a manner, continues the tragedy in the Epilogue, and relates how Rome revenged the shade of Demetrius, and punished Perseus ‘for this night’s deed.’

Of Young’s taking orders something is told by the biographer of Pope, which places the easiness and simplicity of the poet in a singular light. When he determined on the Church he did not address himself to Sherlock, to Atterbury, or to Hare, for the best instructions in Theology, but to Pope; who, in a youthful frolic, advised the diligent perusal Thomas Aquinas. With this treasure Young retired, from interruption, to an obscure place in the suburbs. His poetical guide to godliness hearing nothing of him during half a year, and apprehending he might have carried the jest too far, sought after him; and found him just in time to prevent, what Ruffhead calls, ‘an irretrievable derangement.’

That attachment to his favorite study, which made him think a poet the surest guide in his

new profession,—left him little doubt, whether poetry were the surest path to its honors and preferments. Not long, indeed, after he took orders, he published in prose, 1728, *A true Estimate of Human Life*, dedicated, notwithstanding the Latin quotations with which it abounds, to the Queen; and a sermon preached before the House of Commons, 1729, on the martyrdom of King Charles, intitled, *An Apology for Princes, or the Reverence due to Government*. But the ‘Second Discourse,’ the counterpart of his *Estimate*, without which it cannot be called ‘a true estimate,’ though, in 1728, it was announced, as “soon to be published,” never appeared; and his old friends the Muses were not forgotten. In 1730 he relapsed to poetry, and sent into the world *Imperium Pelagi: a Naval Lyric, written in Imitation of Pindar’s Spirit, occasioned by his Majesty’s Return from Hanover, September 1729, and the succeeding Peace*. It is inscribed to the Duke of Chandos. In the Preface we are told, that the Ode is the most spirited kind of Poetry, and that the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of Ode. ‘This I speak,’ he adds, with sufficient candor, ‘at my own very great peril. But truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.’ Behold, again, the fairest of poets. Young’s *Imperium Pelagi* was ridiculed in Fielding’s *Tom Thumb*; but, let us not forget that it was one of his pieces, which the author of the *Night Thoughts* deliberately refused to own.

Not long after this Pindaric attempt, he published two *Epistles to Pope, concerning the Au-*

thors of the Age, 1730. Of these poems one occasion seems to have been an apprehension lest, from the liveliness of his satires, he should not be deemed sufficiently serious for promotion in the Church.

In July 1730, he was presented by his College to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. In May 1731, he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Litchfield, and widow of Colonel Lee. His connection with this lady arose from his father's acquaintance, already mentioned, with Lady Anne Wharton,—who was coheirress of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley in Oxfordshire. Poetry had lately been taught by Addison to aspire to the arms of Nobility, though not with extraordinary happiness.

We may naturally conclude that Young now gave himself up, in some measure, to the comforts of his new connection,—and to the expectations of that preferment which he thought due to his poetical talents, or, at least, to the manner in which they had so frequently been exerted.

The next production of his Muse was *The Sea-piece*, in two odes.

Young enjoys the credit of what is called an 'Extempore Epigram on Voltaire;' who, when he was in England, ridiculed, in the company of the jealous English poet, Milton's allegory of 'Sin and Death'—

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.

From the following passage in the poetical Dedication of his *Sea-piece* to Voltaire,—it seems,

that this extemporaneous reproof, if it must be extemporaneous, (for what few will now affirm Voltaire to have deserved any reproof?) was something longer than a distich, and something more gentle than the distich just quoted.

No stranger, Sir! tho' born in foreign climes.
On *Dorset* downs, when Milton's page,
With Sin and death provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd;—*who* sooth'd with *gentle* rhymes!

By 'Dorset downs' he probably meant Mr. Dodington's seat. In Pitt's Poems is *An Epistle to Dr. Edward Young, at Eastbury in Dorsetshire, on the Review at Sarum, 1722.*

While with your Dodington retir'd you sit,
Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit, &c.

Thomson, in his *Autumn*, addressing Mr. Dodington, calls his seat the seat of the Muses,

Where, in the secret bower and winding walk.
For virtuous Young, and thee, they twine the bay

The praises Thomson bestows, but a few lines before, on Philips,—the second

Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song,

added to Thomson's example and success,—might perhaps induce Young, as we shall see presently, to write his great work without rhyme.

In 1734, he published *The Foreign Address, or the best Argument for Peace, occasioned by the British Fleet and the Posture of Affairs.*

Written in the Character of a Sailor. It is not to be found in the author's four volumes.

He now appears to have given up all hopes of overtaking Pindar, and, perhaps, at last resolved to turn his ambition to some original species of poetry. This poem concludes with a formal farewell to Ode; which few of Young's readers will regret:

My shell, which Clio gave, which *Kings applaud*,
Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
Adieu!

In a species of poetry altogether his own, he next tried his skill, and succeeded.

Of his wife he was deprived in 1741. Lady Elizabeth had lost, after her marriage with Young, an amiable daughter, by her former husband,—just after she was married to Mr. Temple, son of Lord Palmerston. Mr. Temple did not long remain after his wife,—though he was married a second time, to a daughter of Sir John Barnard's, whose son is the present peer. Mr. and Mrs. Temple have generally been considered as Philander and Narcissa. From the great friendship, which constantly subsisted between Mr. Temple and Young, as well as from other circumstances,—it is probable that the poet had both him and Mrs. Temple in view for these characters; though, at the same time, some passages respecting Philander do not appear to suit, either Mr. Temple or any other person with whom Young was known to be connected or acquainted,—while all the circumstances relating to Narcissa have been

constantly found applicable to Young's daughter-in-law.

At what short intervals, the poet tells us he was wounded, by the deaths of the three persons particularly lamented,—none that has read the *Night Thoughts* (and who has not read them?) needs to be informed.

Insatiate Archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.

Yet, how is it possible that Mr. and Mrs. Temple and Lady Elizabeth Young could be these three victims, over whom Young has hitherto been pitied for having to pour the 'Midnight sorrows' of his religious poetry? Mrs. Temple died in 1736; Mrs. Temple, four years afterwards, in 1740; and the poet's wife, seven months after Mrs. Temple, in 1741. How could the insatiate Archer thrice slay his peace in these three persons, 'ere thrice the moon had fill'd her horn?

But in the short Preface to *The Complaint* he seriously tells us 'that the occasion of this poem was real, not fictitious; and that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer. It is probable, therefore, that in these three contradictory lines, the poet complains more than the father-in-law, the friend, or the widower.

Whatever names belong to these facts, or if the names be those generally supposed, whatever heightening a poet's sorrow may have given the

facts; to the sorrow Young felt from them, religion and morality are indebted for the *Night Thoughts*. There is a pleasure sure in sadness which mourners only know!

Of these poems the two or three first have been perused, perhaps, more eagerly and more frequently than the rest. When he got as far as the fourth, or fifth, his original motive for taking up the pen was answered; his grief was, naturally, either diminished or exhausted. We still find the same pious poet; but we hear less of Philander and Narcissa, and less of the mourner whom he loved to pity.

Mrs. Temple died of a consumption at Lyons, in her way to Nice, the year after her marriage; that is, when *Poetry* relates the fact, in her bridal hour; It is more than poetically true, that Young accompanied her to the continent.

I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid North,
And bore her nearer to the sun.

But in vain. Her funeral was attended with the difficulties painted in such animated colors in *Night the Third*. After her death, the remainder of the party passed the ensuing winter at Nice.

The poet seems, perhaps, in these compositions to dwell with more melancholy on the death of Philander and Narcissa, than, of his wife. But it is only for this reason. He who runs and reads may remember, that, in the *Night Thoughts*, Philander and Narcissa are often

mentioned and often lamented. To recollect lamentations over the author's wife, the memory must have been charged with distinct passages. This lady brought him one child, Frederic, now living, to whom the Prince of Wales was god-father.

That *domestic grief* is, in the first instance, to be thanked for these ornaments to our language, it is impossible to deny. Nor would it be *common* hardness to contend, that wordly discontent had no hand in these joint productions of poetry and piety. Yet, am I by no means sure, that, at any rate, we should not have had something of the same color from Young's pencil, notwithstanding the liveliness of his satires. In so long a life, causes for discontent and occasions for grief must have occurred. It is not clear to me, that his Muse was not sitting upon the watch, for the first which happened. Night-thoughts were not uncommon to her, even when first she visited the poet, and at a time when he himself was remarkable neither for gravity nor gloominess. In his *Last Day*, almost his earliest poem, he calls her 'the melancholy Maid.'

——whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs and in the realms of Night.

In the prayer which concludes the second book of the same poem, he says—

—Oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.—
Oh! how divine to tread the milky way,
To the bright palace of Eternal Day!

When Young was writing a tragedy, Grafton is said by Spence to have sent him a human scull, with a candle in it, as a lamp; and the poet is reported to have used it.

What he calls 'The *true* estimate of Human Life,' which has already been mentioned, exhibits only the wrong side of the tapestry; and being asked why he did not shew the right, he is said to have replied, that he could not. By others it has been told me that this was finished, but that, before there existed any copy, it was torn in pieces by a lady's monkey.

Still, is it altogether fair to dress up the poet for the man; and to bring the gloominess of the *Night Thoughts* to prove the gloominess of Young, and to shew that his genius, like the genius of Swift was in some measure the sullen inspiration of discontent?

From them who answer in the affirmative it should not be concealed that, though '*Invisibilia non decipiunt*' appeared upon a deception in Young's grounds, and '*Ambulantes in horto audierunt vocem Dei*' on a building in his garden, his parish was indebted to the good-humor of the author of the *Night Thoughts* for an assembly and a bowling-green.

Whether you think with me, I know not; but the famous '*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*' always appeared to me to savor more of female weakness than of manly reason. He that has too much feeling to speak ill of the dead, who, if they cannot defend themselves, are at least ignorant of his abuse,—will not hesitate, by the most wanton calumny, to destroy the quiet,

the reputation, the fortune of the living. Yet censure is not heard beneath the tomb any more than praise. '*De mortuis nil nisi verum—De vivis nil nisi bonum*'—would approach much nearer to good sense. After all, the few handfuls of remaining dust which once composed the author of the *Night Thoughts* feel not much concerned whether Young pass now for a man of sorrow, or for a 'fellow of infinite jest.' To this favor must come the whole family of Yorick. His immortal part, wherever that now dwells, is till less solicitous on this head.

But to a son of worth and sensibility, it is of some little consequence, whether contemporaries believe,—and posterity be taught to believe,—that his debauched and reprobate life cast a stygian gloom over the evening of his father's days, saved him the trouble of feigning a character completely detestable, and succeeded at last in bringing his 'grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'

The humanity of the world, little satisfied with *inventing*, perhaps, a melancholy disposition for the father; proceeds next to invent an argument, in support of their invention; and chooses that Lorenzo should be Young's own son. The *Biographia* and every account of Young pretty roundly asserts this to be the fact; of the absolute impossibility of which the *Biographia* itself, in particular dates, contains undeniable evidence. Readers I know they are of a strange turn of mind, who will hereafter peruse the *Night Thoughts* with less satisfaction;

who will wish they had still been deceived; who will quarrel with me for discovering that no such character as their Lorenzo ever yet disgraced human nature, or broke a father's heart. Yet would these admirers of the sublime and terrible be offended, should you set them down for cruel and for savage.

Of this report, inhuman to the surviving son, if it be true, in proportion as the character of Lorenzo is diabolical, where are we to find the proof? Perhaps it is clear from the poems.

From the first line to the last of the *Night Thoughts*, no one expression can be discovered which betrays any thing like the *father*. In the Second Night, I find an expression which betrays something else; that Lorenzo was his friend,—one, it is possible, of his former companions; one of the Duke of Wharton's set. The poet styles him 'gay friend'; an appellation not very natural, from a pious incensed father, to such a being as he paints Lorenzo,—and that being his son.

But let us see how he has sketched this dreadful portrait; from the sight of some of whose features the artist, himself, must have turned away with horror. A subject more shocking, if his only child really sat to him, than the crucifixion of Michael Angelo; upon the horrid story of which, Young composed a short poem of fourteen lines in the early part of his life, which he did not think deserved to be published.

In the first Night, the address to the Poet's supposed son is,

Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee.

In the fifth Night—

And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime;
Of life ? to hang his airy nest on high ?

Is this a picture of the son of the rector of Welwyn?

Eighth Night—

In foreign realms (for thou hast travelled far)—

which even now does not apply to his son.

In Night V.

So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate,
Who gave that angel-boy on whom he dotes,
And died to give him, orphan'd in his birth ?

At the beginning of the Fifth Night we find—

Lorenzo, to recriminate is just,
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.

But to cut short all inquiry, if any one of these passages, if any passage in the poems be applicable —my friend shall pass for Lorenzo, The son of the author of the *Night Thoughts* was not old enough, when they were written to recriminate, or to be a father. The *Night Thoughts* were begun immediately after the mournful event of 1741. The first *Nights* ap-

pear in the books of the Company of Stationers, as the property of Robert Dodsley, in 1742. The preface to *Night VII.* is dated July 7th, 1744. The marriage, in consequence of which the supposed Lorenzo was born, happened in May 1731. Young's child was not born till June 1733. In 1741, this Lorenzo, this finished infidel, this father, to whose education vice had for some years put the last hand, was only eight years old.

An anecdote of this cruel sort, so open to contradiction, so impossible to be true, who could propagate? Thus, easily, are blasted the reputation of the living and of the dead.

Who then was Lorenzo? exclaim the readers I have mentioned. If we cannot be sure that he was his son, which would have been finely terrible, was he not his nephew, his cousin?

These are questions which I do not pretend to answer. For the sake of human nature, I could wish Lorenzo to have been only the creation of the poet's fancy: like the Quintus of *Anti-Lucretius*, '*quo nomine,*' says Polignac, '*quemvis Atheum intellege.*' That this was the case, many expressions in the *Night Thoughts* would seem to prove,—did not a passage in *Night VIII.* appear to shew, that he had somebody in his eye for the groundwork, at least, of the painting. Lovelace or Lorenzo may be feigned characters; but a writer does not feign a name of which he only gives the initial letter:

Tell not Calista. She will laugh thee dead,
Or send thee to her hermitage with L—.

The *Biographia*, not satisfied with pointing out the son of Young, in that son's life-time, as his father's *Lorenzo*, travels, out of its way, into the history of the son ; and tells—of his having been forbidden his college at Oxford for misbehaviour. How such anecdotes, were they true, tend to illustrate the life of Young, it is not easy to discover. Was the son of the Author of the *Night Thoughts* indeed forbidden his college for a time, at one of our Universities? The author of *Paradise Lost* is, by some, supposed to have been disgracefully ejected from the other. From juvenile follies who is free? But, whatever the *Biographia* choose to relate,—the son of Young experienced no dismission from his college either lasting or temporary.

Yet, were nature to indulge him with a second youth, and to leave him at the same time the experience of that which is past, he would probably spend it differently—who would not?—he would certainly be the occasion of less uneasiness to his father. But, from the same experience, he would as certainly, in the same case, be treated differently by his father.

Young was a poet : poets, with reverence be it spoken, do not make the best parents. Fancy and imagination seldom deign to stoop from their heights ; always stoop unwillingly to the low level of common duties. Aloof from vulgar life, they pursue their rapid flight beyond the ken of mortals, and descend not to earth but when compelled by necessity. The PROSE

OF ORDINARY OCCURRENCES is beneath the dignity of POETS.

He who is connected with the author of the *Night Thoughts*, only by veneration for the poet and the Christian, may be allowed to observe, that Young is one of those, concerning whom, as you remark in your account of Addison, it is proper rather to say 'nothing that is false, than all that is true.'

But the son of Young would almost sooner, I know, pass for a *Lorenzo*, than see himself vindicated, at the expence of his father's memory, from follies which, if it may be thought blameable in a boy to have committed them, it is surely praiseworthy in a man to lament, and certainly not only unnecessary but cruel in a biographer to record.

Of the *Night Thoughts*, notwithstanding their author's professed retirement, all are inscribed to great or to growing names. He had not yet weaned himself from Earls and Dukes, from Speakers of the House of Commons, Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and Chancellors of the Exchequer. In Night VIII. the politician plainly betrays himself——

Think no post needful that demands a knave;
When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
So P——thought: think better if you can.

Yet it must be confessed, that at the conclusion of Night IX. weary perhaps of courting earthly patrons, he tells his soul——

Henceforth
Thy Patron—He, whose diadem has dropt
Yon gems of heaven; *eternity*, thy prize;
And leave the racers of the world their own.

The Fourth Night was addressed by 'a much-indebted muse' to the honorable Mr. Yorke, now Lord Hardwicke; who meant to have laid the muse under still greater obligation, by the living of Shenfield in Essex, if it had become vacant.

The first Night concludes with this passage—

Dark: though not blind, like thee, Meonides!
Or Milton! thee. Ah, could I reach your strain:
Or his, who made Meonides our own!—
Man, too, he sung. Immortal man I sing.
Oh, had he prest his theme; pursued the track
Which opens out of darkness into day;—
Oh had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd, where I sink, and sung immortal man—
How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me!

To the Author of *these lines* was dedicated in 1756, the first volume of an *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope*; which attempted, whether justly or not, to pluck from Pope his 'wing of fire,' and to reduce him to a rank, at least one degree lower than the first class of English poets. If Young accepted and approved the dedication, he countenanced this attack upon the fame of him whom he invokes as his muse.

Part of 'paper-sparing' Pope's third book of the *Odyssey*, deposited in the Museum, is written upon the back of a letter signed 'E. Young,' which is clearly the hand-writing of our Young. The letter dated only May 2d, seems obscure: but there can be little doubt that the friendship he requests was a literary one; and that he had the highest literary opinion of Pope. The request was a prologue, I am told.

‘ Dear Sir,

May the 2d

‘ Having been often from home, I know not if you have done me the favor of calling on me. But, be that as it will, I much want that instance of your friendship I mentioned in my last: a friendship I am very sensible I can receive from no one but yourself. I should not urge this thing so much but for very particular reasons; nor can you be at a loss to conceive how a “trifle of this nature” may be of serious moment to me; and while I am in hopes of the great advantage of your advice about it, I shall not be so absurd as to make any further step without it. I know you are much engaged, and only hope to hear of you at your entire leisure.

‘ I am Sir, your most faithful

‘ and obedient servant,

‘ E. YOUNG.’

Nay, even after Pope’s death, he says, in Night the VII.

Pope ! who could’st make immortals, art thou dead ?

Either the *Essay*, then, was dedicated to a patron who disapproved its doctrine, which I have been told by the author was not the case; or Young appears, in his old age, to have bartered, for a dedication, an opinion entertained of his friend through all that part of life when he must have been best able to form opinions.

From this account of Young, two or three short passages, which stand almost together in

Night IV. should not be excluded. They afford a picture, by his own hand,—from the study of which, my readers may choose to form their own opinion, of the features of his mind and the complexion of his life.

Ah me! the dire effect
Of loitering here of death defrauded long;
Of old so gracious, (and let that suffice,)
My very master knows me not.

.....
I've been so long remember'd I'm forgot.

.....
When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the Great;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.

.....
Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy,
Court-favor, yet untaken I *besiege*.

.....
If this song lives, Posterity shall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state.

Deduct from the writer's age 'twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy;' and you will still leave him more than forty, when he sate down to the miserable siege of court-favor. He has before told us

A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

After all, the siege seems to have been raised only in consequence of what the General thought his 'death bed.'

By these extraordinary Poems, written after he was sixty, of which I have been led to say so much, I hope by the wish of doing justice to the living and the dead,—it was the desire of

Young to be principally known. He entitled the four volumes which he published himself, 'The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts.' While it is remembered, that, from these he excluded many of his writings, let it not be forgotten that the rejected pieces contained nothing prejudicial to the cause of virtue or of religion. Were every thing that Young ever wrote to be published, he would only appear, perhaps, in a less respectable light as a poet, and more despicable as a dedicator: he would not pass for a worse Christian, or for a worse man. This enviable praise is due to Young. Can it be claimed by every writer? His dedications, after all, he had perhaps no right to suppress. They all, I believe, speak, not a little to the credit of his gratitude, of favors received; and I know not whether the author, who has once solemnly printed an acknowledgment of a favor, should not always print it.

Is it to the credit or to the discredit of Young, as a poet, that of his *Night Thoughts* the French are particular fond?

Of the *Epitaph on Lord Aubrey Beauclerk*, dated 1740, all I know is, that I find it in the late body of English poetry, and that I am sorry to find it there.

Notwithstanding the farewell, which he seemed to have taken in the *Night Thoughts*, of every thing which bore the least resemblance to ambition, he dipped again in politics. In 1745, he wrote *Reflections on the public situation of the Kingdom, addressed to the Duke of Newcastle*; indignant, as it appears, to behold

—a pope-bred Princeeling crawl ashore,
And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British throne.

This political poem might be called a 'Night Thought.' Indeed it was, originally, printed at the conclusion of the '*Night Thoughts*,' though he did not gather it with his other works.

Prefixed to the second edition of Howe's *Devout Meditations*, is a letter from Young, dated January 19, 1752, addressed to Archibald Macauley, Esq. thanking him for the book, which he says 'he shall never lay far out of his reach; for a greater demonstration of a sound head and a sincere heart he never saw.'

In 1753, when *The Brothers* had lain by him above thirty years, it appeared upon the stage. If any part of his fortune had been acquired by servility of adulation, he now determined to deduct from it no inconsiderable sum as a gift to the *Society for the Propagation of the Gospel*. To this sum he hoped the profits of *The Brothers* would amount. In his calculation he was deceived; but by the bad success of his play the Society was not a loser. The author made up the sum he originally intended, which was a thousand pounds, from his own pocket.

The next performance which he printed was a prose publication, intituled, *The Centaur not fabulous, in six Letters to a Friend on the Life in Vogue*. The conclusion is dated November 29, 1754. In the third Letter is described the death-bed of the 'gay, young, noble, ingenious

accomplished, and most wretched Altamont.' His last words were—' My principles have poisoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy, my unkindness has murdered my wife.' Either Altamont and Lorenzo were the twin production of fancy, or Young was unlucky enough to know two characters who bore no little resemblance to each other in perfection of wickedness. Report has been accustomed to call Altamont Lord Euston.

The Old Man's Relapse, occasioned by an Epistle to Walpole, if written by Young, which I much doubt, must have been written very late in life. It has been seen, I am told, in a Miscellany published thirty years before his death. In 1758, he exhibited '*The old man's relapse*' in more than words, by again becoming a dedicator, and publishing a sermon addressed to the King.

The lively *Letter* in prose on *Original Composition*, addressed to Richardson the author of *Clarissa*, appeared in 1759. Though he despaired of breaking through the frozen obstructions of age and care's incumbent cloud, into that flow of thought and brightness of expression which subjects so polite require; yet it is more like the production of untamed, unbridled youth, than of jaded fourscore. Some sevenfold volumes put him in mind of Ovid's sevenfold channels of the Nile at the conflagration.

—— ostid septem

Pulverulenta vocant, septem sine flumine valles.

Such leaden labors are like Lycurgus's iron money, which was so much less in value than in bulk, that it required barns for strong boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five hundred pounds.

If there is a famine of invention in the land, we must travel, he says, like Joseph's brethren, far for food; we must visit the remote and rich Ancients. But an inventive genius may safely stay at home: *that*, like the widow's cruse, is divinely replenished from within, and affords us a miraculous delight. He asks, why it should seem altogether impossible, that Heav'n's latest editions of the human mind may be the most correct and fair? and Johnson, he tells us, was very learned, as Samson was very strong, to his own hurt. Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity on his head, and buried himself under it.

Is this 'care's incumbent cloud,' or 'the frozen obstructions of age?'

In this letter, Pope is severely censured for his 'fall from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and harmonious as the spheres, into childish shackles and tinkling sounds; for putting Achilles in petticoats a second time:' but we are told that the dying swan talked over an Epic plan, with Young, a few weeks before his decease.

Young's chief inducement to write this letter was, as he confesses, that he might erect a monumental marble to the memory of an old friend. He, who employed his pious pen for almost the last time in thus doing justice to the

exemplary death-bed of Addison, might probably, at the close of his own life, afford no un-
useful lesson for the deaths of others.

In the postscript he writes to Richardson, that he will see in his next how far Addison an original. But no other letter appears.

The few lines which stand in the last edition, as 'sent by Lord Melcombe to Dr. Young not long before his Lordship's death,' were indeed so sent; but were only an introduction to what was there *meant* by 'the Muse's latest Spark. The poem is necessary, whatever may be its merit,—since the preface to it is already printed. Lord Melcombe called his Tusculum 'La Trappe.'

Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care,
senough, that when it fell,
Thou its ruin didst not share.

Envy's censure, Flattery's praise,
With unmov'd indifference view,
Learn to tread Life's dangerous maze,
With unerring Virtue's clue.

Void of strong desire and fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more;
strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide, but near the shore.

Thus prepar'd, thy shorten'd sail
Shall, whene'er the winds increase,
Seizing each hropituous gale;
Waft thee to the Port of Peace.

Keep thy conscience from offence,
 And tempestuous passions free,
 So, when thou art called from hence,
 Easy shall thy passage be;

Easy shall thy passage be,
 Cheerful thy allotted stay,
 Short th' account 'twixt God and thee;
 Hope shall meet thee on the way:

Truth shall lead thee to the gate,
 Mercy's self shall let thee in,--
 Where its never changing state
 Full perfection shall begin.

The poem was accompanied by a Letter.

' *La Trappe*, the 27th of Oct. 1761.

'Dear Sir,

'You seemed to like the Ode I sent you for your amusement; I now send it you as a present. If you please to accept of it, and are willing that our friendship should be known when we are gone, you will be pleased to leave this among those of your own papers that may possibly see the light of a posthumous publication. God send us health while we stay, and an easy journey!

'My dear Dr. Young,

'Yours most cordially,

'MELCOMBE.'

In 1762, a short time before his death, Young published *Resignation*. Notwithstanding the manner in which it was really forced from him by the world, criticism has treated it with no common severity. If it shall be thought not to deserve the highest praise, on

the other side of fourscore, by whom, except by Newton and by Waller, has praise been merited?

To Mrs. Montagu, the famous champion of Shakespeare, I am indebted for the history of *Resignation*. Observing that Mrs. Boscawen, in the midst of her grief for the loss of the admiral, derived consolation from the perusal of the *Night Thoughts*, Mrs. Montagu proposed a visit to the Author. From conversing with Young, Mrs. Boscawen derived still further consolation; and to that visit she and the world were indebted for this poem. It compliments Mrs. Montagu in the following lines:

Yet, write I must. A Lady sues,
How shameful her request!
My brain in labour with dull rhyme,
Hers teeming with the best!

And again—

A friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts,
Which died in your distress.

That friend, the spirit of my theme
[Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; such as these.

By the same lady I am enabled to say, in her own words, that Young's unbounded genius appeared to greater advantage in the companion, than even in the author; that the Christian was in him a character still more inspired,

more enraptured, more sublime than the poet ;
and that, in his ordinary conversation,

—letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to to the sky.

Notwithstanding Young had said, in his ‘*Conjectures on original Composition*,’ that ‘blank verse, is verse unfallen, uncurs’d: verse reclaimed, re-inthroned in the true language of the Gods:’ notwithstanding he administered consolation to his own grief in this immortal language, Mrs. Boscawen was comforted in rhyme.

While the poet and the Christian were applying this comfort,—Young had himself occasion for comfort, in consequence of the sudden death of Richardson, who was printing the former part of the poem. Of Richardson’s death he says—

When Heav’n would kindly set us free,
And earth’s enchantment end;
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

To *Resignation* was prefixed an Apology for its appearance: to which more credit is due than to the generality of such apologies, from Young’s unusual anxiety that no more productions of his old age should disgrace his former fame. In his will, dated February 1760, he desires of his executors, *in a particular manner*, that all his manuscript books and writings, whatever, might be burned, except his book of accounts.

In September 1762, he added a kind of codicil, wherein he made it his dying intreaty to his housekeeper, to whom he left 1000*l.* ‘that all his manuscripts might be destroyed as soon as he was dead, which would greatly oblige her deceased friend.’

It may teach mankind the uncertainty of worldly friendships, to know that Young, either by surviving those he loved, or by outliving their affections, could only recollect the names of two friends, his housekeeper and a hatter, to mention in his will; and it may serve to repress that testamentary pride, which too often seeks for sounding names and titles, to be informed that the author of the *Night Thoughts* did not blush to leave a legacy to his ‘friend Henry Stevens, a hatter at the Temple-gate.’ Of these two remaining friends, one went before Young. But, at eighty-four, ‘where,’ as he asks in *The Centaur*, ‘is that world into which we were born?’

The same humility which marked a hatter and a housekeeper for the friends of the author of the *Night Thoughts*, had before bestowed the same title on his footman, in an epitaph in his church-yard upon James Barker, dated 1749; which I am glad to find in the late collection of his works.

Young and his housekeeper were ridiculed, with more ill-nature than wit, in a kind of novel published by Kidgeil in 1755, called *The Curd*, under the names of Dr. Elwes and Mrs. Fusby.

In April 1765, at an age to which few attain, a period was put to the life of Young.

He had performed no duty for three or four years; but he retained his intellects to the last.

Much is told in the Biographia, which I know not to have been true, of the manner of his burial;—of the master and children of a charity school, which he founded in his parish, who neglected to attend their benefactor's corpse;—and of a bell which was not caused to toll as often as upon those occasions bells usually toll. Had that humanity, which is here lavished upon things of little consequence either to the living or to the dead, been shewn in its proper place to the living, I should have had less to say about Lorenzo. They who lament that these misfortunes happened to Young, forget the praise he bestows upon Socrates, in the Preface to Night VII. for resenting his friend's request about his funeral.

During some part of his life, Young was abroad, but I have not been able to learn any particulars.

In his seventh satire, he says,

When after battle, I the field have *seen*
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were *men*.

It is known also,—that from this, or from some other field, he once wandered into the camp, with a classic in his hand, which he was reading intently; and had some difficulty to prove that he was only an absent poet, and not a spy.

The curious reader of Young's life will naturally inquire to what it was owing, that, though

he lived almost forty years after he took orders, which included one whole reign uncommonly long, and part of another, he was never thought worthy of the least preferment. The author of the *Night Thoughts* ended his days upon a living which came to him from his College without any favor, and to which he probably had an eye when he determined on the Church. To satisfy curiosity of this kind is, at this distance of time, far from easy. The parties themselves know not often, at the instant, why, they are neglected, or why they are preferred. The neglect of Young is, by some, ascribed to his having attached himself to the Prince of Wales, and to his having preached an offensive sermon at St. James's. It has been told me, that he had two hundred a year in the late reign, by the patronage of Walpole; and that, whenever any one reminded the King of Young, the only answer was, 'he has a pension.' All the light thrown on this inquiry, by the following Letter from Secker, only serves to shew at what late period of life the Author of the *Night Thoughts* solicited preferment:

'Deanery of St. Paul's, July 8, 1758,

'Good Dr. Young,

'I have long wondered that more suitable notice of your great merit hath not been taken by persons in power. But how to remedy the omission I see not. No encouragement hath ever been given me, to mention things of this nature to his Majesty. And therefore, in all likelihood, the only consequence of doing it would be weakening the little influence, which

else I may possibly have on some other occasions. Your fortune and your reputation set you above the need of advancement; and your sentiments, above that concern for it, on your own account, which, on that of the Public, is sincerely felt by Your loving Brother,

‘THO. CANT’.

At last, at the age of fourscore, he was appointed, in 1761, Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager.

One obstacle must have stood, not a little, in the way of that preferment after which his whole life seems to have panted. Though he took orders, he never entirely shook off Politics. He was always the lion of his master, Milton, ‘pawing to get free his hinder parts.’ By this conduct, if he gained some friends, he made many enemies.

Again, Young was a poet: and again, with reverence be it spoken, poets by profession do not always make the best clergymen. If the Author of the *Night Thoughts* composed many sermons, he did not oblige the public with many.

Besides, in the latter part of life, Young was fond of holding himself out for a man retired from the world. But he seemed to have forgotten that the same verse which contains ‘*oblitus meorum,*’ contains also ‘*obliviscendus et illis.*’ The brittle chain of worldly friendship and patronage is broken as effectually, when one goes beyond the length of it, as when the other does. To the vessel which is sailing from the shore, it only appears that the

hore also recedes ; in life it is truly thus. He who retires from the world will find himself, in reality, deserted as fast, if not faster, by the world. The public is not to be treated as the coxcomb treats his mistress ; to be threatened with desertion, in order to increase fondness.

Young seems to have been taken at his word. Notwithstanding his frequent complaints of being neglected, no hand was stretched out to pull him from that retirement of which he declared himself enamoured. Alexander assigned no palace for the residence of Diogenes, who boasted his surly satisfaction with his tub.

Of the domestic manners and petty habits of the author of the *Night Thoughts*, I hoped to have given you an account from the best authority : but who shall dare to say, To-morrow I will be wise or virtuous, and to-morrow I will do a particular thing ? Upon inquiring for his housekeeper, I learned that she was buried two days before I reached the town of her abode.

In a letter from Tscharner, a noble foreigner, to Count Haller,—Tscharner says, he has lately spent four days with Young at Welwyn, where the author tastes all the ease and pleasure mankind can desire. ‘ Every thing about him shews the man, each individual being placed by rule. All is neat without art. He is very pleasant in conversation, and extremely polite.

This, and more, may possibly be true but Tschaner’s was a first visit, a visit of curiosity and admiration, and a visit which the author expected.

Of Edward Young, an anecdote which wanders among readers is not true, that he was Fielding's Parson Adams. The original of that famous painting was William Young, who was a clergyman. He supported an uncomfortable existence by translating for the booksellers from Greek; and, if he did not seem to be his own friend, was at least no man's enemy. Yet the facility with which this report has gained belief in the world, argues, were it not sufficiently known, that the Author of the *Night Thoughts* bore some resemblance to Adams.

The attention which Young bestowed upon the perusal of books, is not unworthy imitation. When any passage pleased him he appears to have folded down the leaf. On these passages he bestowed a second reading. But the labors of man are too frequently vain. Before he returned to much of what he had once approved, he died. Many of his books, which I have seen, are, by those notes of approbation, so swelled beyond their real bulk, that they will hardly shut.

What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame;
Earth's highest station ends in *Here he lies!*
And *dust to dust* concludes her noblest song.

The author of these lines is not without his *Hic jacet*.

By the good sense of his son, it contains none of that praise which no marble can make the bad or the foolish merit; which, without the direction of a stone or a turf, will find its way, sooner or later, to the deserving.

M. S.
 Optimi parentis
 EDWARDI YOUNG, LL. D.
 Hujus Ecclesiæ rect.
 Et Elizabethæ.
 fæm. prænob.
 Conjugis ejus amantissimæ
 Pio & gratissimo animo
 Hoc marmor posuit
 F. Y
 Filius superstes.

Is it not strange that the author of the *Night Thoughts* has inscribed no monument to the memory of his lamented wife? Yet what marble will endure as long as the poems?

Such, my good friend, is the account which I have been able to collect of the great Young. That it may be long before any thing like what I have just transcribed be necessary for you, is the sincere wish of,

Dear Sir,

Your greatly obliged Friend,

Lincoln's Inn.
 Sep. 1780.

HERBERT CROFT, Jun.

P.S. This account of Young was seen by you, in manuscript, you know, Sir; and, though I could not prevail on you to make any alterations, you insisted on striking out one passage, because it said that, if I did not wish you to live long for your sake, I did it for the sake of myself and of the world. But this postscript you will not see before the printing of it; and I will say here, in spite of you, how I feel myself honored and bettered by your friendship: and that, if I do credit to the church, after which I al-

ways longed, and for which I am now going to give in exchange for the bar, though not at so late a period of life as Young took orders, it will be owing, in no small measure, to my having had the happiness of calling the author of *The Rambler* my friend.

“H. C.”

Oxford, Sep. 1782.

OF Young's Poems it is difficult to give any general character; for he has no uniformity of manner: one of his pieces has no great resemblance to another. He began to write early, and continued long; and, at different times, had different modes of poetical excellence in view. His numbers are sometimes smooth, and sometimes rugged; his style is sometimes concatenated, and sometimes abrupt; sometimes diffuse, and sometimes concise. His plan seems to have started in his mind at the present moment, and his thoughts appear the effect of chance, sometimes adverse, and sometimes lucky, with very little operation, of judgment.

He was not one of the writers whom experience improves, and who, observing their own faults, become gradually correct. His Poem on the *Last Day*, his first great performance, has an equability and propriety, which he, afterwards, either never endeavoured or never attained. Many paragraphs are noble; and few are mean; yet the whole is languid;—the

plan is too much extended, and a succession of images divides and weakens the general conception:—but the great reason why the reader is disappointed is, that the thought of the LAST DAY makes every man *more than poetical*, by spreading over his mind a general obscurity of sacred horror, that oppresses distinctions, and disdains expression.

His story of Jane Grey was never popular. It is written with elegance enough, but Jane is too heroic to be pitied.

The *Universal Passion* is indeed a very great performance. It is said to be a series of Epigrams: but, if it be—it is what the author intended: his endeavor was at the production of striking distichs and pointed sentences, and his distichs have the weight of solid sentiment, and his points the sharpness of resistless truth.

His characters are often selected with discernment, and drawn with nicety; his illustrations are often happy, and his reflections often just. His species of satire is between those of Horace and Juvenal; and he has the gaiety of Horace without his laxity of numbers, and the morality of Juvenal with greater variation of images. He plays, indeed, only on the surface of life; he never penetrates the recesses of the mind; and therefore the whole power of his poetry is exhausted by a single perusal; his conceits please, only when they surprise.

To translate he never condescended, unless his *Paraphrase on Job* may be considered as a version: in which he has not, I think, been unsuccessful; he indeed favoured himself, by

choosing those parts which most easily admit the ornaments of English poetry.

He had least success in his lyric attempts, in which he seems to have been under some malignant influence:—he is always laboring to be great, and, at last, is only turgid.

In his *Night Thoughts* he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions; a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odor. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage. The wild effusion of the sentiments, and the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactness but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole, and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity.

His last poem was the *Resignation*; in which he made, as he was accustomed, an experiment of a new mode of writing, and succeeded better than in his *Ocean* or his *Merchant*. It was very falsely represented as a proof of decaying faculties. There is Young in every stanza, such as he often was in his highest vigor.

His tragedies not making part of the Collection I had forgotten,—till Mr. Stevens recalled them to my thoughts by remarking, that he seemed to have one favourite catastrophe; as his three plays

all concluded with lavish suicide; a method by which, as Dryden remarked, a poet easily rids his scene of persons whom he wants not to keep alive. In *Busiris* there are the greatest ebullitions of imagination; but the pride of *Busiris* is such as no other man can have; and the whole is too remote from known life to raise either grief, terror, or indignation. The *Revenge* approaches much nearer to human practices and manners; and therefore keeps possession of the stage:—the first design seems suggested by *Othello*;—but the reflections, the incidents, and the diction, are original. The moral observations are so introduced, and so expressed, as to have all the novelty that can be required. Of *The Brothers* I may be allowed to say nothing, since nothing was ever said of it by the public.

It must be allowed of Young's poetry, that it abounds in thought, but without much accuracy or selection. When he lays hold of an illustration, he pursues it beyond expectation,—sometimes happily, as in his parallel of *Quicksilver* with *Pleasure*; which I have heard repeated with approbation by a lady, of whose praise he would have been justly proud; and which is very ingenious, very subtle, and almost exact;—but sometimes he is less lucky, as when, in his *Night Thoughts*, having it dropped into his mind, that the orbs, floating in space, might be called the *cluster* of creation, he thinks on a cluster of grapes, and says, that they all hang on the great vine, drinking the 'nectareous juice of immortal life.'

His conceits are, sometimes, yet less valuable. In the *Last Day*, he hopes to illustrate the reassembly of the atoms that compose the human body at the 'trump of doom,' by the collection of bees into a swarm at the tinkling of a pan.

The Prophet says of Tyre, that 'her Merchants are Princes.' Young says of Tyre, in his *Merchant*,

Her merchants Princes, and each *deck a throne*.

Let burlesque try to go beyond him.

He has the trick of joining the turgid and familiar: to buy the alliance of Britain, 'Climes were paid down,' Antithesis is his favourite: 'They for kindness hate:' and 'because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.'

His versification is his own: neither his blank, nor his rhyming lines have any resemblance to those of former writers; he picks up no hemistichs, he copies no favourite expressions; he seems to have laid up no stores of thought or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous suggestions of the present moment. Yet I have reason to believe that, when once he had formed a new design, he then laboured it with very patient industry, and that he composed with great labour, and frequent revisions.

His verses are formed by no certain model; he is no more like himself in his different productions, than he is like others. He seems never to have studied prosody; nor to have had any direction but from his own ear. But, with all his defects, he was a MAN OF GENIUS and a POET.

VERSES

TO THE AUTHOR.

Now let the *Atheist* tremble: Thou alone
Canst bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shalt thou not reform? O! thou hast seen
How GOD descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from GOD, and never to return.

Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball.
When nature sunk, when ev'ry bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.

When guilty *Sodom* felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain,
The PATRIARCH thus, the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.

But tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleasure, tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well! [try
How wast thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to
And find the thought of man could rise so high?
Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

But thou art best, delighted to rehearse
Heav'n's holy dictates in exalted verse.
O thou hast pow'r the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the soul on GOD; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;

By stricter rules well govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

T. WARTON.

Magd. Col.
Oxon.

TO

A LADY, WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold;
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring Muse,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame pursues:
RELIGION'S cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of *Mortality*,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the Muses sing in early times,
Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes;
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous songs alone,
And the chaste poet and the priest were one:

But *now*, forgetful of their infant state,
 They sooth the wanton pleasures of the great;
 And from the press, and the licentious stage,
 With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age:
 Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
 And specious ruin unsuspected lies.
 So the rich soil of India's blooming shores,
 Adorn'd with lavish Nature's choicest stores,
 Where serpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from
 Hides fatal danger under gay delight. [sight,
 These purer thoughts from gross alloys refin'd,
 With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind:
 Not fram'd to raise a giddy, short-liv'd joy,
 Whose false allurements, while they please,
 destroy:
 But bliss resembling *that* of saints above,
 Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty Love:
 Firm, solid bliss, for ever great and new,
 The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
 Like you, fair Nymph! in whom united meet
 Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
 And all the glories of your sparkling race,
 While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
 By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
Of future judgment, and the rising dead;
Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown;
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan.
 These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
 Shall beauty to your ravish'd form restore:
 Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
 Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

T. TRISTRAM.

TO
THE AUTHOR,
ON HIS
LAST DAY AND UNIVERSAL PASSION.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial Bard, seraphic Young !
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round?
Yon' lamps of light, must they decay?
On Nature's self, Destruction prey?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou canst hope, is on the wing.
Shall NEWTON's system be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be
For HOMER, HORACE, POPE, OR THEE?
Through life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like *Sodom's* fruit;
And, sure, thy plan was well design'd
To cure this madness of the mind;

First beyond time our thoughts to raise,
Then lash our love of transient praise;
In both we own thy doctrine just,
And fame's a breath, and men are dust.

1736.

J. BANCKS.

TO THE EDITOR

I have received your kind letter of the 12th inst. and am glad to hear that you are interested in the work of the Society. I am sure that you will find the information given in the report of the Committee on the subject of the proposed new constitution of the Society of great interest.

Yours very truly

WILLIAM L. G. BROWN

THE
COMPLAINT AND CONSOLATION;
OR
NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

PREFACE.

As the occasion of this poem was *real*, not *fictitious*, so the method pursued in it, was rather *imposed*, by what spontaneously arose in the Author's mind on that occasion, than *meditated* or *designed*—which will appear very probable from the nature of it: for it differs from the common mode of poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals: here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the poem. The reason of it is, that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

THE
COMPLAINT.

NIGHT I.

ON
LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

Humbly inscribed to

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR OUNSLOW, ESQ.

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep,
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsully'd with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: how happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding
From wave to wave of *fancy'd* misery, [thought
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe;
The *day* too short for my distress; and *night*,

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H

Ev'n in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound
Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain: I can lose no more.

Silence and darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the *tender*
To *reason*, and on reason build *resolve*, [thought
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, *your* kingdom: *there* this frame shall
A victim sacred to your dreary shine. [fall
But what are ye?—

THOU, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O THOU! whose word from solid *darkness*
struck [soul:
That spark, the *sun*; strike wisdom from my
My soul, which flies to THEE her trust, her
treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Through this opaque of *nature* and of *soul*,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind,
A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of life and death

And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my *conduct*, than my *song* ;
 Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will !
 Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
 Nor let the phial of THY vengeance pour'd
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain. [time

The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of
 But from its loss : to give it then a tongue,
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard *aright*,
 It is the *knell* of my departed hours : [flood :
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the
 It is the *signal* that demands dispatch :
 How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears
 Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down—On what ? A fathomless abyss :
 A dread ETERNITY !—how surely *mine* !—
 And can ETERNITY belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an *hour* ?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder HE who made him such !
 Who center'd in our make such strange ex-
 tremes !

From diff'rent natures marvellously mix'd,
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
 Distinguish'd *link* in being's endless chain !
 Midway from *nothing* to the DEITY !
 A beam ethereal, sully'd and absorp'd !
 Though sully'd and dishonor'd, still divine !
 Dim miniatnre of greatness absolute !
 An heir of glory ! a frail child of dust !
 Helpless immortal ! insect infinite !

A *worm!* a *god!* I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! At home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
-And wond'ring at her *own*. How reason feels!
O what a miracle to man is man.
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave,
Legions of angels can't confine me there,
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof.
While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread:
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods: or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled
pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain!
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her
nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, ærial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul *immortal*:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human *weal*, Heav'n husbands all events:
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in
vain. [lost!
Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not
Why wanders wretched Thought their tombs
In infidel distress? Are *angels* there? [around,
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, *ethereal* fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on earth

Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heav'nly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is Creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond
Is *substance*; the reverse is *folly's* creed.
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule:
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Stong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free:
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon' ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his
thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by HEAV'N
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On Life's fair tree, fast by the throne of GOD.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In HIS full beam, and ripen for the Just,
Where momentary ages are no more!

Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death
expire!

And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms my
How was my heart incrust'd by the world! [self
O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and
round

In silken thought, which reptile Fancy spun,
Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er,
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above :)
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dream'd
Of things impossible! (could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were *my* noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where *now* my phrenzy's pompous furniture?
The *cobwebb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall

Of mould'ring mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *spider's* most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to *man's* tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at ev'ry breeze.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.

Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your
And quite unparadise the realms of light. [joy,
Safe are yor lodg'd above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.

Here teems with revolutions ev'ry hour,
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of Fate.
Each *moment* has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes empires from the root: each *moment*
His little weapon in the narrower sphere [plays
Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!

A bold invasion of the rights of Heav'n!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis *thine*
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by *thy* permission shines;
And, one day, *thou* shall pluck him from his
sphere;

Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust

Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so *mean*?
Why thy *peculiar* rancor wreak'd on *me*?
Insatiate Archer! could not *one* suffice? [slain;
Thy shaft flew *thrice*, and *thrice* my peace was
And *thrice*, ere *thrice* yon' moon had fill'd her
horn.

O Cynthia! why so pale! Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy
wheel

Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss! from *fortune's*
Precarious courtesy! not *virtue's* sure, [smile,
Self-given, solar, ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Through the dark postern of time long claps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing *pas*
In quest of wretchedness preversely strays;
And finds all desert *now*; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys,—a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why *complain*? or why complain for one;
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The *single* man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions;—'tis the common lot:
In *this* shape or in *that* has Fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of pain.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
GOD's image, disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made :
There, beings, deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valorsav'd,
If so the tyrant or his minion doom.
Want, and incurable *disease*, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once,—and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there !
What numbers, once in *fortune's* lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of Charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of Pleasure ! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
And breathe from your debauch: give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you. But so great
Your impudence, you *blush* at what is right.
Happy ! did sorrow seize on *such* alone.
Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save.
Disease invades the chastest temperance ;
And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of
Man's caution often into danger turns, [peace.
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not *Happiness* itself makes good her name.
Our very wishes give us not our wish.

How distant oft' the thing we doat on most,
From that for which we doat, *felicity*!
The *smoothest* course of Nature has its pains,
And *truest* friends, through error, wound our
Without misfortune, what calamities! [rest.
And what hostilities without a foe!

Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! The rest a *waste*,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands;
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and
Such is *earth's* melancholy map! but, far [death,
More sad! this earth is a true map of *man*:
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *woe's* wide empire, where deep *troubles* toss,
Loud *sorrows* howl, envenom'd *passions* bite,
Rav'nous *calamities* our vitals seise,
And threat'ning *Fate* wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for *myself*?
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be *kind*:
That Nature's first, last lesson to mankind.
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts,
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Swoln thought a *second* channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take, then, O *world*! thy much-indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness, [hour!
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults,—

Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst: thy pride demands it from
me:—

Let thy pride pardon what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch*! by blindness thou art blest;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, smiler! at thy peril art thou pleas'd,
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay:
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

LORENZO! Fortune makes her court to thee;
Thy fond heart dances while the Syren sings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm.
Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of Fate.
Is Hea'vn tremendous in its *frowns*? most sure;
And in its *favours* formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their cause and consequence;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe Nature's tumults and chastise her joys,
Lest, while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worse than *simple* misery their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.

Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine dy'd with thee, PHILANDER! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring tow'rs?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears.

The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of outcast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. *Death's* subtle seed within,
(Sly, treach'rous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beck-
The worm to riot on that rose so red, [on'd
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!

Man's foresight is conditionally wise.
Lorenzo! wisdom into folly turns,
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *present* moment terminates our sight;
Clouds, thick as those on Doomsday, drown the
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain. [*next*;—
Time is dealt out by particles, and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, 'where eternity begins.'

By Nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse

Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain-hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the Fatal Sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud,
Nor had he cause; a warning was deny'd.
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware;
Beware, Lorenzo! a *slow sudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not *this* be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
For ever on the brink of being born
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel;—and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own; their future selves applauds.
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *Folly's* vails;
That lodg'd in *Fate's* to *wisdom* they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool,

And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise, is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for *ourselves*, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay.
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*,
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.

And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of Fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden
dread;

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is
As from the *wing*, no scar the sky retains, [found.
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O'er those we love; we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? that were strange!
O my full heart!—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.
The sprightly *lark's* shrill *matin* wakes the morn.
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like Thee,
And call the stars to listen: ev'ry star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.

Yet be not vain; there are who thine excel,
 And charm through distant ages. Wrapt in
 Pris'ner of darkness! to the silent hours,[shade,
 How often I repeat their rage divine,
 To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
 I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
 Dark, though not blind, like thee, *Mæonides*!
 Or, *Milton*! thee. Ah, could I reach your strain!
 Or *his* who made *Mæonides* our own.
Man, too, he sung: *immortal* man I sing;
 Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
 What *now* but immortality can please?
 O had *he* press'd his theme, pursu'd the track,
 Which opens out of darkness into day!—
 O had *he* mounted on his wing of fire,
 Soar'd where I sink, and sunk *immortal* man,
 How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me!

NIGHT II.

ON TIME, DEATH AND FRIENDSHIP.

Humbly inscribed to

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

'WHEN the cock crew he wept'—smote by that

EYE

Which looks on me, on all: that POW'R who bids
 That midnight sentinel, wish clarion shrill,
 Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
 Rouse souls from slumber into thoughts of
 Heav'n.

Shall I too weep? where then is fortitude?
And fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light:
He that is born is listed: life is war;
Eternal war with woe: who bears it best,
Deserves it least:—On other themes I'll dwell,
Lorenzo! let me turn my thoughts on thee,
And thine, on themes may profit: profit there
Where most thy need. Themes, too, the genuine
growth
Of dear Philander's dust. He *thus*, tho' dead,
May still befriend—What themes? *Time's won-*
drous price,
Death, Friendship, and Philander's final scene.
So could I touch these themes as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impress
On my dark cloud an iris, and from grief
Call glory;—Dost thou mourn Philander's fate
I know thou say'st it: says thy life the same?
He mourns the dead who lives as they desire,
Where is that thirst, that avarice of TIME,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O *Time!* than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wise.
What *moment* granted man without account?
What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom's* debt unpaid
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door.
Insidious *Death!* should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the pris'nor free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear?
How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late

Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
That *Time* is mine, O MEAD! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*.
But ill my genius answers my desire:
My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
Accept the will;—that dies not with my strain.

For what calls *thy* disease, Lorenzo? not
For *Esculapian*, but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can
Part with it is with life, reluctant; big [tell.
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.

Is this our *duty*, *wisdom*, *glory*, *gain*?
(*These*, Heav'n benign, in vital union binds)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire? *Amusement* reigns
Man's great demand; to trifle is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?

Thou say'st I preach, Lorenzo! 'tis confest.
What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake*?
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason to the soul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse when med'cines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there;

Will toys amuse? No; *thrones* will then be *toys*?
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time?—Its *loss* we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?
He pleads time's num'rous *blanks*; he loudly
pleads

The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
From whom those *blanks* and *trifles* but from *thee*?
No *blank*, no *trifle*, Nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, still be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once; *this* leaves
In act no *trifle*, and no *blank* in time.

This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This the blest art of turning all to gold;
This the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours;
Immense revenue! ev'ry *moment* pays.
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy pow'r;
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act, indeed, admits restraint:

'Tis not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in
On all-important *time*, thro' every age, [heav'n.
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the
Is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour. [man
'*I've lost a day*'—the prince who nobly cry'd,
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of *Rome*? say, rather, lord of *human race*:
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak: so *reason* speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to frenzy fly,

For rescue from the *blessing* we possess?
Time the supreme!—*Time* is eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile.
Who murders *Time*, he crushes in the birth
A pow'r ethereal, only *not* ador'd.

Ah! how unjust to Nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *Art*! our furious charioteer,
(For *Nature's* voice unstifled would recal)
Drives headlong tow'ards the precipice of death;
Death most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful
O what a riddle of absurdity! [made;
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels:
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like that of *Cain*,
It makes us wander; wander earth around,
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As *Atlas* groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour:
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful *time* if prisons set us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
Well call him cruel; years to moment shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd:
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,

And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills;
To Nature just, their *cause* and *cure* explore.
Not short Heav'n's bounty, boundless our ex-
No niggard, Nature; men are prodigals. [pence;
We *waste*, not *use* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *wasted* is existence; *us'd* is life;—
And *bare existence*, man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since *time* was giv'n for use, not waste,
Enjoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure, waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blund'ring, split on idleness for ease. [sign'd;
Life's cares are comforts; such by Heav'n de-
He that has none must make them, or be wretch-
Cares are employments; and without employ [ed.
The soul is on a rack,—the rack of *rest*,
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.

Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle, with *great Nature's plan*;
We thwart the DEITY; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart HIS will, shall contradict their own.
Hence, our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broils:
We push Time from us, and we wish him back;
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life;

Life we think long, and short; *Death* seek and shun;—

Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh! the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go, when past, they haunt us
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd, [still:
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

Nor death nor life delight us. If time *past*,
And time *possest*, both pain us, what can please?
That which the DEITY to please ordain'd,
Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature*, and her paths are peace.

Our errors' cause and cure are seen: see next
Time's Nature, Origin, Importance, Speed,
And thy great gain from urging his career.—
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on *time* as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 'tis fortune's—*Time's a GOD*.
Hast thou ne'er heard of *Time's* omnipotence?
For, or *against*, what wonders can he do!
And will: to stand blank *neuter* he disdains.
Not on *those Terms* was *Time* (Heaven's stran-
On his important embassy to man. [ger) sent!
LORENZO! no: on the long-destin'd hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with Nature, rising in His might,
Call'd forth creation, (for then *Time* was born)

By Godhead streaming through a thousand
worlds;

Not on *those terms*, from the great days of heav'n
From old eternity's mysterious orb

Was Time cut off, and cast beneath the skies;

The skies, which watch him in his new abode,

Measuring his motions by revolving spheres,

That horologe machinery divine.

Hours, days, and months, and years, his children
play,

Like num'rous wings, around him, as he flies;—

Or rather, as unequal plumes, they shape

His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,

To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,

And join anew *Eternity* his sire;

In his *immutability* to nest;

When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd,

(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush

To *timeless* night and choas, whence they rose.

Why spur the speedy? Why with levities

New wing thy short, short days' too rapid flight?

Know'st thou or what thou dost, or what is done?

Man flies from *time*, and *time* from man; too soon,

In sad divorce this double flight must end;

And then where are we? Where, LORENZO!

then,

Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee in a state

Not unambitious; in the *ruffled* shroud,

Thy *Parian* tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.

Has *Death* his fopperies? then well may *Life*

Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.

Ye *well-array'd*! ye Lilies of our land!

Ye Lilies *Male*! who neither toil, nor spin,

(As sister lilies *might*) if not so wise

As *Solomon*, more sumptuous to the sight!
Ye *delicate*! who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on
A brighter beam in *Leo*; silky-soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye *LORENZOS* of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For ev'ry bawble drivell'd o'er by sense;
For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry cast,—
For change of follies and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day——say, sages! say,
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal night*
Where such expedients fail? [sleep
O treach'rous *Conscience*! while she seems to
On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with *Syren* song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to
On headlong *Appetite* the slacken'd rein, [drop
And give us up to license, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy band.
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp;—
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our *embryos* of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal

Their Doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence, most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable *time*;
Unnoted notes each moment misapply'd;—
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history,—which *Death* shall
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear,— [read
And *judgment* publish; publish to more worlds
Than this, and endless age in groans resound.
LORENZO, *such* that *sleep*er in thy breast!

Such is her slumber, and her vengeance *such*
For slighted council; *such* thy future peace!
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too*

But why on *time* so lavish is my song? [*soon?*
On this great *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die;
Each morn are born anew: each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day? If *trifling* kills,
Sure *vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
Is *suicide*, where more than *blood* is spilt. [*vites,*
Time flies, death urges, knells call, Heav'n in-
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort *all*,
More than creation labours! Labours *more?*
And is there in creation, what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?—
Man sleeps; and *man* alone; and *man*, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf
A moment trembles; drops! and *man*, for whom
All else is in alarm; *man*, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet *he* sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest. Throw *years* away?

Throw *empires*, and be blameless. Moments
seize ;—

Heav'n's on *their* wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *day* stand
Bid him drive back his car, and re-import[still,
The period past, re-give the giv'n hour.

LORENZO! *more* than miracles we want.

LORENZO—O for yesterdays to come!

Such is the language of the man *awake*,
His ardor such for what *oppresses* thee,
And is his ardor vain, LORENZO? No;
That *more* than miracles the gods indulge;—
To-day is *yesterday* return'd; return'd
Full-pow'r'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.

Let it not share its predecessor's fate;

Nor, like its eldest sisters, die a fool.

Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off

Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?

Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?

More wretched for the clemencies of Heav'n?

Where shall I find *him*? Angels! tell me
where:

You know him: he is near you: point him out:

Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?

Or trace his footsteps by the rising flow'rs?

Your golden wings, *now* hov'ring o'er him, shed

Protection; now are waving in applause

To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!

That awful independent on *to-morrow*!

Whose *work* is done; who triumphs in the *past*;

Whose *yesterdays* look backwards with a smile;

Nor, like the *Parthian*, wound him as they fly;

That common, but opprobrious lot! Past hours,

If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All God-like passion for eternals quench'd;
All relish of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;
Dismounted ev'ry great and glorious aim;
Imbruted ev'ry faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world:
The world, that gulf of souls,—immortal souls,—
Souls elevate,—angelic,—wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters
chang'd;

Though we from *earth*,—*ethereal* they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man!

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay Friend! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out DEATH in one eternal night?
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the
Life's little stage is a small eminence, [shroud.
Inch-high the grave above: that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh and while
We sigh, we sink; and are what we deplor'd:
Lamenting or lamented all our lot!

Is Death at distance? No; he has been on thee;
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow. [now?
Those hours which lately smil'd, where are they

Pallid to thought, and ghastly, drown'd! all
drown'd

In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;

A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;

The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust,

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to Heav'n;
And how they might have borne more welcome
news.

Their answers form what men *Experience* call:
If *Wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe,
O reconcile them! kind *Experience* cries,
'There's nothing here, but what as nothing
weighs;

The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
And by success are tutor'd to despair.'

Nor is it only thus, but *must* be so.

Who knows not this, though grey, is still a child.

Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,

Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou can'st not disengage
Not give thy thoughts a play to future scenes?
Since by *life's* passing breath, blown up from
earth,

Light as the summer's dust, we take, in air,

A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;—

Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,

And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more;—

Since *then* (as emmets, their small world
o'erthrown)

We, sore amaz'd, from out earth's ruins crawl,

And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice, (controuler of the skies!)
As man's despotic will perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;—
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm;
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead!
Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,
Portentuous, as the *written wall* which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud *Assyrian* pale,—
Ere-while high-flush'd with insolence and wine?
Like *that* the dial speaks; and points to thee,
LORENZO! loath to break thy banquet up:
'O Man, thy kingdom is *departing* from thee,
And, while in *lasts*, is emptier than my shade.'
Its silent language *such*; nor need'st thou call
Thy *Magi*, to decipher what it means.
Know, like the *Median*, Fate is in thy walls:—
Dost ask *how? whence?* *Belshazzar*-like, amaz'd!
Man's *make*, encloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.

But here, LORENZO, the delusion lies;
That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,
It life resembles too. Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth: [still.
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet *soon* man's hour is *up*, and we are gone.
Warnings, point out our danger,—*gnomons*,
As *these* are useless when the sun is set, [time:—
So *those*, but when more glorious *reason* shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye
That *sedentary shadow* travels hard;—

But such, our gravitation to the wrong,
 So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
 'Tis later with the wise than he's aware;
 A *Wilmington* goes slower than the sun;
 And all mankind mistake their time of day;—
 Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown,
 In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent,
 We shut our eyes, and thing it is a plain.
 We take fair days in winter for the spring,—
 And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft'
 Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
 He scarce believes he's older for his years:
 Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
 One disappointment, sure to crown the rest,—
 The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On *this* or similar, PHILANDER! thou
 Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue,
 And strong to wield all science, worth the
 name,—

How often we talk'd down the summer's sun,
 And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream!
 How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
 By conflict kind, that struck our latent truth,—
 Best found, so sought; to the recluse more coy!
 Thoughts disentangle, passing o'er the lip;—
 Clean runs the thread; if not, 'tis thrown away
 Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song;
 Song, fashionably fruitless; such as stains
 The *fancy*, and unhallow'd *passion* fires,—
 Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane.

Know'st thou, LORENZO! what a friend con-
 tains?

As bees, *mix'd nectar* draw from fragrant flow'rs,
 So, men from FRIENDSHIP, *wisdom* and *delight*

Twins ty'd by Nature, if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up
want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been
deny'd [rion too!
Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's crite-
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold or
dross;
When coin'd in words, we know its *real* worth:
If sterling, store it for thy future use;
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps, renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess'd;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect,—when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament,—and whets, for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts, in venerable tomes,
And rusted in,—who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;—
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th'alternate
push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.
In *contemplation* is his proud resource?
'Tis poor, as proud, by *converse* unsustain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *Contemplation's* field;
Converse, the menage breaks it to the bit,
Of due restraint; *emulation's* spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.

"Tis converse qualifies for solitude;
As exercise, for salutary rest:—
By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves,
And *nature's* fool by *wisdom* is undone.

Wisdom, tho' richer than *Peruvian* mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of *happiness*?
That unobtain'd, than Folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies or damps an *undivided* joy.

Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for *two*:
Rich fruit! heav'n-planted! never pluck'd by *one*.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *social* man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense, is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial *happiness*! whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend;—
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit: in *passion's* flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in *reason*,—*passion's* foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever;
Of *friendship's* fairest fruits;—the fruit most fair,

Is *virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries Friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity. [themes,
From *friendship*, which outlives my former
Glorious survivor of old *Time* and *Death*!
From friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly
seed,

The wise extract earth's most *Hyblean* bliss,
Superior Wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this *Elysian* flow'r?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at *home*.

LORENZO! pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Tho' choice of follies fasten on the *great*,
None cling more obstinate, than fancy fond,
That sacred friendship is their easy prey,—
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile; [out
Their smiles, the *great*, and the *coquette*, throw
For others' hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no less, of ours, when *such* the bait.

Ye Fortune's Cofferers! ye Pow'rs of Wealth!
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.

LORENZO! pride repress,—nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this, makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I shew thee friendship, delicate, as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?

Reserve will wound it, and *distrust* destroy,—
Deliberate on all things with thy friend:
But since, friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend, unrotten at the core,—
First on thy friend delib'rate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;—
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee:—
How gallant danger, for earth's highest prize!
A friend, is worth all hazards we can run.

'Poor is the friendless master of a world:
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.'

So sung *he* (angel hear that angel sing!
Angels from *friendship* gather half their joy)
So sung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich *ichor*, in the gen'rous blood
Of Bacchus,—purple god of joyous wit,
A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue to his friend,—
His friend who warm'd him more, who more
inspir'd.

Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship *new*
(Not such was *his*) is neither strong, nor pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevated spirit of a friend,—
For twenty summers rip'ning by my side;
All feculence or falsehood long thrown down,—
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear,—and smiling as they rise!
Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart
High-favor'd bliss for gods! on earth how rare
On earth how *lost*!—PHILANDER is no more

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?
Am I too warm?—Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much, but now I love him more,
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-con-
ceal'd,—

Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded, shine with azure, green, and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; his upward flight,
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropp'd,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew;—I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter; prudent foes for-
Rivals scarce damn; and Zoilus reprieve, [bear;
Yet what I can, I must: it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast, in shadows, his illustrious close.
Strange! the theme most affecting.—most sub-
lime,— [sung—

Momentous most to man,—should sleep un-
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Christian*, to the blush of wit.
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The *death-bed* of the just! is yet undrawn
By *mortal* hand! it merits a *divine*.
Angels should paint it, angels ever *there*,—
There on a post of honor, and of joy.

Dare I presume, then? but Philander bids,—
And glory tempts,—and inclination calls.
Yet am I struck; as struck the soul beneath
Aërial groves' impenetrable gloom;
Or, in some mighty *ruin's* solemn shade;
Or, gazing, by pale lamps, on high-born dust

In vaults,—thin courts of poor unflatter'd
kings,—

Or, at the midnight *altar's* hallow'd flame.

Is it religion to proceed? I pause—

And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.

Is it his death-bed! No; it is his shrine:

Behold him there just rising to a GOD.

The chamber where the good man meets his

Is privileg'd beyond the common walk [fate,

Of *virtuous* life,—quite in the verge of heav'n.--

Fly, ye profane! if not, draw near with awe.—

Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,

That threw in this *Bethesda* your disease:

If unrestor'd by *this*, despair your cure;—

For *here* resistless Demonstration dwells.

A death-bed's a detector of the heart.

Here tir'd *Dissimulation* drops her mask,

Through life's grimace, that mistress of the

Here real and apparent are the same. [scene!

You see the *man*,—you see his hold on heav'n,

If sound his virtue,—as *Philander's* sound.

Heav'n waits not the *last* moment; owns her
friends

On *this* side death; and points them out to *men*;

A lecture silent, but of sov'reign pow'r!

To Vice, confusion,—and to Virtue, peace.

Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,

Virtue alone has majesty in death;

And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

PHILANDER! he severely frown'd on thee.

' No warning giv'n! unceremonious fate!

A sudden rush from life's meridian joy!

A wrench from all we *love*! from all we *are*!

A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque

Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature's* dread!
Strong *Reason's* shudder at the dark unknown!
A sun extinguish'd! a just op'ning grave!
And, oh! the last, last; what? (can words ex-
press,—

Thought reach it?) the last—*silence* of a friend!
Where are those horrors,—that amazement,
where,

This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now*.

Through *Natures'* wreck, through vanquish'd
agonies, [gloom]

(Like the stars struggling through this midnight
What gleams of joy? what *more* than human peace?
Where, the frail mortal!—the poor abject
worm?—

No, not in *death* the mortal to be found.

His conduct is a legacy for ALL.

Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir.

His comforters, he comforts;—**GREAT** in *ruin*,

With unreluctant grandeur, *gives* not *yields*,

His **SOUL** sublime, and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burnt within us at the scene!

Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to
man?—

His **GOD** sustains him in his final hour!—

His final hour brings glory to his **GOD**!

Man's glory **HEAV'N** vouchsafes to call her own.

We gaze, we weep; mix'd tears of grief and
joy!

Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!--

Christians adore!--and *Infidels* believe.

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,

Detains the sun, illustrious, from his height,—
 While rising vapors, and descending shades,
 With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious
 vale ;—

Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,—
 Philander, thus, augustly rears his head,
 At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
 On the low level of th' inglorious throng :
 Sweet *peace* and heav'nly *hope*, and humble *joy*,
 Divinely beam on his exalted soul ;
 Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
 With incommunicable lustre bright.

NIGHT III.

NARCISSA.

Humbly inscribed

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes. *Virg.*

FROM *dreams*, where thought in Fancy's maze
 runs mad,—

To *reason*, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,—
 Once more I wake ; and at the destin'd hour,
 Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,—
 I keep my assignation with my woe.

O! *lost* to virtue,—*lost* to manly thought,—
 Lost to the noblest sallies of the soul !
 Who think it solitude to be alone.

Communion sweet!--communion large and high--
 Our *reason*—*guardian angel*,—and our God!
 Then nearest *these* when others most remote;
 And all, ere long, shall be remote *but* these:
 How dreadful, then to meet them all alone,—
 A stranger!—unacknowledged!—unapprov'd!—
 Now woo them,—wed them,—bind them to
 thy breast:

To win thy wish, creation has no more:
 Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a FRIEND:—
 But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.

Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking Bards!
 Inebriate at fair Fortune's fountain-head;
 And reeling through the wilderness of joy,—
 Where *Sense* runs savage, broke from *Reason's*
 chain,

And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
 My fortune is unlike,—unlike my song,—
 Unlike the deity my song invokes.

I to Day's soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
 (Endymion's rival) and her aid implore,—
 Now first implor'd in succour to the Muse.
 Thou who didst lately borrow Cynthia's* form,
 And modestly forego thine own! O thou
 Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!
 Say, why not Cynthia, patroness of song?
 As thou her crescent, she thy character
 Assumes,—still more a goddess by the change.

Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute
 This revolution in the world *inspir'd*?
 Ye train *Pierian*! to the *lunar* sphere,
 In silent hour, address your ardent call
 For aid immortal, less her brother's right.
 She with the spheres harmonious nightly leads

*At the Duke of Norfolk's Masquerade.

The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain,—

A strain for gods, deny'd to mortal ear.

Transmit it heard, thou Silver Queen of heav'n!

What title or what name, endears thee most?

Cynthia! Cyllene! Phæbe!—or dost hear

With higher gust, fair PORTLAND of the skies?

Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,

More pow'rful than of old *Circean* charm?

Come,—but from heav'nly banquets with thee

The soul of song, and whisper in mine ear [bring

The theft divine; or in propitious dreams

(For dreams are thine) transfuse it through the

Of thy first votary—but not thy last,— [breast

If like thy *namesake*, thou art ever kind.

And kind thou wilt be; kind on such a theme,

A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,

Soft, modest, melancholy, female fair!

A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul

'Twas *night*; on her fond hopes perpetual night;

A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp

Than that which smote thee from Philander's tomb.

NARCISSA follows ere his tomb is clos'd.

Woes cluster; rare are *solitary* woes;

They love a train; they tread each other's heel;

Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims

The grief that started from my lids for him;

Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,—

Or shares it, ere it falls, So frequent Death

Sorrow he *more* than causes; he confounds;

For human sighs his rival strokes contend,

And make distress, distraction. Oh, PHILANDER!

What was thy fate? a double fate to me;
 Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
 Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
 Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.
 It call'd NARCISSA long before her hour;
 It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,—
 From the first blossom,—from the buds of joy;
 Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
 In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet Harmonist!—and beautiful as sweet—
 And young as beautiful!—and soft as young!—
 And gay as soft!—and innocent as gay!—
 And happy (if aught happy *here*) as good!—
 For Fortune fond had built her nest on high.
 Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
 Transfix'd by *Fate* (who loves a lofty mark)
 How from the summit of the grove she fell,
 And left it unharmonious!—all its charms
 Extinguished in the wonders of her song!
 Her song still vibrates in my ravished ear,—
 Still melting there,—and with voluptuous pain
 (O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!

Song—beauty,—youth,—love—virtue,—joy
 —this group

Of bright ideas, flow'rs of Paradise,—
 As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind
 Kneel, and present it to the skies, as all.
 We guess of heav'n; and *these* were all her own;
 And she was mine; and I was—*was*!—most
 Gay title of the deepest misery! [blest—
 As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life, in
 Good lost, weighs more in grief than gain'd
 joy.

Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,

Lovely in death, the beauteous ruin lay:
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier, pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is ashamed to weep.
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,—
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of Spring,
Pale omen sat, and scattered fears around
On all that saw—(and who would cease to gaze
That once had seen?) with haste,—parental
haste,

I flew,—I snatch'd her from the rigid North,
Her native bed; on which black Boreas blew,—
And bore her nearer to the sun: the sun
(As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,—
Deny'd his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lillies,—fairest lillies, not so fair!

Queen Lillies! and ye painted Populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;
In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun,—which gives your cheeks
to glow,

And outblush (*mine* excepted) ev'ry fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand.
Which often cropt your odours,—incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely Fugitives!
Coeval race with man! *for* man you smile;
Why not smile *at* him too? You share, indeed,
His sudden pass,—but not his constant pain.

So, man is made, nought ministers delight,

But what his glowing passions can engage ;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below
Must soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe !—
Rapture? bold man! who tempts the wrath di-
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste [vine,
While *here*, presuming on the rights of Heav'n.
For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
LORENZO? At thy friend's expence beware:
Lean not on one earth; 'twill pierce thee to the
heart;—

A broken reed at best;—but oft a spear;—
On its sharp point Peace bleeds, and Hope ex-
pires, [Thought repell'd,
Turn, hopeless thought!—turn from her.—
Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime!—and in thy bridal hour!--
And when kind Fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!--
And when high-flavour'd thy fresh op'ning joys!--
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss com-
plete!— wept!—

And on a foreign shore,—where stranger's
Strangers to thee,—and, more surprising still,—
Strangers to kindness, wept:—Their eyes let
fall [down

Inhuman tears!—strange tears!—that trickled
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!

A tenderness, that call'd them more severe,
In spite of Nature's soft persuasion, steel'd:
While *Nature* melted, *Superstition* rav'd;—

That mourn'd the dead,—and *this* deny'd a grave.

Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will!
Their will (the tiger suck'd!) outrag'd the storm:

When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt ;
When man *can* wreak his rancour *uncontroll'd*,—
Than strongest curb on insult and ill-will ;
Then! spleen to *dust*? the dust of innocence?
An angel's dust!—*This*, LUCIFER transcends.
When he contended for the Patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride :—
The strife of pontiff *pride*, not pontiff *gall*.

Far less than *this*, is shocking in a race
Most *wretched*, but from streams of mutual love;—
And uncreated, but for love divine ;—
And but for love divine, this moment lost,—
By Fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man, hard of heart to man! of horrid things,
Most horrid! 'mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smother wrongs ;
Pride brandishes the favors he confers,
And contumelious his humanity :
What then his vengeance! Hear it not, ye Stars!
And thou, pale Moon! turn paler at the sound.
Man, is to man, the sorest, surest ill.
A previous blast, fortels the rising storm ;—
O'erwhelming turrets, threatens, ere they fall ;
Volcanos bellow, ere they disembody ;
Earth trembles, ere her yawning jaws devour ;
And smoke, betrays the wide-consuming fire :
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,—
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of Fancy?—would it were!—
Heav'n's Sov'reign saves all beings (but HIM-
SELF,)

That hideous sight,—a *naked* human heart.

Fir'd is the Muse?—and let the Muse be
fir'd :—

Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks he feels,
And in the nerve most tender, in his friends?—
Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes;
He felt the truths I sing, and I in him:
But he, nor I, feel more.—Past ills, Narcissa!
Are sunk in thee,—thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs num'rous as the num'rous ills that warm'd
O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and clust'ring there,
Thick as the locusts on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale) [grave.
How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd!
An aspic each, and all, in *hydra* woe.
What strong *Herculean* virtue could suffice?—
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?
This hoary cheek, a train of tears bedews,
And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress,—
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like this, proprietors exclude:
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore;
They make mankind the mourner;—carry sighs,
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way,—
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of
death. [vale,—

The vale of death! that hush'd *Cimmerian*
Where *Darkness*, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, LORENZO, for proud human thought
There let my thought expatiate, and explore

Balsamic truths and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, here.
For gay LORENZO's sake, and for thy own,
My Soul; 'The fruits of dying friends survey;
Expose the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
Give death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
And labor that first palm of noble minds,—
A manly scorn of terror from the tomb.'

This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave.
As poets feign'd from Ajax' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flow'r,—
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And *first*, of dying friends;—what fruit from
these?

It brings us more than triple aid;—an aid
To chase our *thoughtlessness, fear, pride and
guilt.*

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardors, and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
Cross our obstructed way,—and thus to make
Welcome, as *safe*, our port from ev'ry storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;

For us they languish, and for us they die :
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful,— shall we grieve their hov'ring
 shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address,—
Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd
 graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans,—
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their death.
Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul, in joy!
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:—
Auspicious era! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a GOD, inspire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of ev'ry thought? and wish of ev'ry hour?
And song of ev'ry joy? surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange:—
To wave the num'rons *ills* that seize on life
As their own property,—their lawful prey,—
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights:
On cold-serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless *present*, chews the *past*;
Disgusted chews,—and scarce can swallow down
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours, [field.
Which starve on *orts*, and *glean* their former
Live ever HERE, LORENZO! shocking thought!

So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;—
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
LIVE ever in the womb,—nor see the light?—
For WHAT, live ever *here*?—With lab'ring step
To tread our former footsteps?—Pace the
round

Eternal!—to climb life's worn, heavy wheel?
Which draws up nothing new:—To beat, and
beat,

The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock;—To surfeit on the same,
And yawn our joys,—or thank a misery[seen?—
For change, though sad?—To see what we have
Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?—
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful?—O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage?—Strain a flatter year
Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?—
Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits!
Ill-ground, and worse concocted! load,—not
The *rational* foul kennels of excess! [life!
Still-streaming thorough-fares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch
the bowl.

Such, of our *fine ones* is the wish refin'd!
So would they have it: elegant desire!
Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?
But such examples might their riot awe.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Though on *bright thought* they father all their
flights)

To what are they reduc'd to love, and hate,
The same vain world;—to censure, and espouse,

Barren, *to them*, of good, and sharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
Scar'd at the gloomy gulf, that yawns beneath:—
Such are their triumphs!—such their pangs of
joy!

That *rock* to bloom, and tames the *painted*
And, what will more surprise, LORENZO!—
gives

A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those, whose joys, are joys
Of sight, smell, taste.—The cuckoo-season sing
The same dull note to such, as nothing prize
But what those seasons, from the teeming earth.
To doting *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *sun*,
Make their days various,—various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,
On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,—
Nothing hangs tedious,—nothing *old* revolves

In *that*, for which they long,—for which they live.

Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heav'nly hope,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise ;—
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth-maturing, *new* strength, lustre, fame ;
While Nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer ev'ry hour,
Advancing *virtue* in a line to *bliss* ;

Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire !
And *bliss*, which Christianschemes alone ensure !

And shall we then, for virtue's sake com-
mence

Apostates;—and turn infidels for joy!—

A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,—

'HE sins against *this* life who slights the *next*.'

What is this life! how few their fav'rite know?

Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,—

By passionately loving life, we make

Lov'd Life unlovely, hugging her to death.

We give to time, eternity's regard,

And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.

Life has no value as on end, but means ;

An end deplorable! a means divine! [nought;—

When 'tis our *all*, 'tis nothing;—worse than

A nest of pains;—when held as *nothing*, much.

Like some fair humourists, life is most enjoy'd

When courted least; most worth when dis-
esteem'd;

Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace ;

In prospect richer far ; important!—awful!—

Not to be mention'd but with shouts of praise!

Not to be thought on but with tides of joy!—
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

Where now the *barren rock*; the *painted shrew*?
Where now, Lorenzo! life's *eternal round*?
Have I not made my triple promise good?
Vain is the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying scene,
Whose worth, ambiguous, rises and declines,
Waxes and wanes?—(in all propitious, *night*
Assists me here) compare it to the moon;
Dark in herself, and indigent, but rich
In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere.
When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth,
O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy;
Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
Of full effulgent glory whence they flow.

Nor is that glory distant:—Oh, Lorenzo!
A good man and an angel!—these between
How thin the barrier? what divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods.
Be what PHILANDER was, and claim the skies;
Starts timid Nature at the gloomy pass?
The *soft transition* call it; and be cheer'd:
Such it is often, and why not to thee?
To hope the best is pious, brave, and wise,—
And may itself *procure*, what it *presumes*.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
'*Strange competition!*'—True, Lorenzo! strange
So little *life* can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;

Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres
Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at
light;

Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembod' d pow'r.

Death has feign'd evils, *nature* shall not feel;
Life ills, substantial, *wisdom* cannot shun.

Is not the mighty *mind*, that son of heav'n!
By tyrant *life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?
By *death* enlarg'd, ennobled, deify'd?

Death but intombs the body; *life* the soul.

'Is *death* then guiltless? How he marks his way
With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
Art, genius, fortune, elevated pow'r!

With various lustres these light up the world,
Which *death* puts out, and darkens hu man race!
I grant, Lorenzo, this indictment just;

The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!

Death humbles these; more barb'rous *life*, the man.

Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay;

Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!

Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts,
Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.

No bliss has *life* to boast, till *death* can give
Far greater. *Life's* a debtor to the grave;
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.

Lorenzo! blush at fondness for a *life*,
Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
To cater for the sense,—and serve at boards,
Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, justly claims our upper-hand.
Luxurious feast! a soul,—a soul immortal,—
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
Lorenzo! blush at terror for a *death*,

Which gives thee to repose in festive bow'rs,
Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
And more than angels share, and rise, and crown,
And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
What need I more? O *Death*, the palm is thine.

Then welcome *Death*! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age and *disease*; *disease*, though long my guest;
That plucks my nerves; those tender strings
of life,—

Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell
That calls my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,—
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. *Death* is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:—

Lust and Ambition, Wrath and Avarice,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his pow'r.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not *immortal* too,—O *Death*! is thine.

One day of dissolution!—name it right,—
'Tis our great pay-day!—'tis our harvest, rich
And ripe. What though the sickle, sometimes
Just scars us as we reap the golden grain? [keen,
MORE than thy balm, O *Gilead*! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death*'s deep dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-tax'd Nature pays
For mighty gain: the gain of each, a life!

But O! the last, the former so transcends,—
Life dies compar'd;—*life* lives beyond the grave.

And feel I, *Death*! no joy from thought of thee?
Death! the great counsellor, who man inspires
With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed!—
Death! the deliv'rer who rescues man!—

Death! the rewarder, who the rescu'd crowns!
Death! that absolves my birth, a curse without
Rich Death! that realizes all my cares, [it!—
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera?—
Death! of all pain the period, not of joy:—
Joy's *source*, and *subject*, still subsist unhurt;
One, in my soul, and one, in her great sire,—
Tho' the four winds were warring for my dust.
Yes, and from winds and waves, and central
night,

Though prison'd there, my dust, too, I reclaim,
(To dust when drop proud nature's proudest
spheres)

And live *entire*.—Death is the crown of life:
Were death deny'd,—poor man would live in
vain;—

Were death deny'd, to live would not be life.
Were death deny'd,—ev'n fools would wish to
die. reign!—

Death wounds to cure; we fall,—we rise,—we
Spring from our fetters,—fasten in the skies,—
Where blooming *Eden* withers in our sight:

Death gives us more than was in *Eden* lost:

This king of terrors is the prince of peace.

When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?

When shall I *die*?—when shall I live for ever?

NIGHT IV.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

Containing

*Our only Cure for the Fear of Death, and proper
Sentiments of Heart on that inestimable
Blessing.*

Humbly inscribed

TO THE HON. MR. YORKE.

A MUCH-indebted Muse, O YORKE! intrudes.
Amid the smiles of fortune and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death! I sing its sov'reign cure.
Why start at death? where is he? Death ar-
riv'd,
Is past: not come, or gone he's never *here*.
Ere *hope*, *sensation* fails—black-boding man
Receives, not suffers, Death's tremendous blow.
The knell,—the shroud,—the mattock,—and
the grave;— [worm;—
The deep damp vault,—the darkness and the
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead;
Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death, which Nature never made,—
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.
But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear

If prudent,—age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.
I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; ev'ry date cries----'Come away.'
And what recalls me?---look the world around,
And tell me what:---The wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought
Full range, on just *dislike's* unbounded field;---
Of things, the vanity,---of men, the flaws;---
Flaws in the *best*;---the *many*, flaw all o'er;
As *leopards* spotted,---or, as *Ethiops*, dark;
Vivacious, *ill*; good dying immature;
(How immature, Nascissa's marble tells!)
And at his death bequeathing endless pain;
His heart, tho' bold, would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs for *future* scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant
To *lucky* life) some perquisites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,---
Long-rifled life, of sweet, can yield no more,
But from our *comment* on the comedy,---
Pleasing *reflections* on parts well sustain'd,---
Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,---
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,---
When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
Toss *fortune* back her tinsel, and her plume,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
Foreign comedians, a spruce band! arrive,
To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze,
And I at them; my neighbour is unknown;---
Nor that the worst. Ah me! the dire effect
Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long;
A new world arises, and new manners reign---

Of old so gracious (and let that suffice,)
My very master knows me not.——

Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate?
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.
An object ever pressing dims the sight,
And hides behind its ardor to be seen.
When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great,---
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-
morrow.

Refusal! canst thou wear a smother form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme.
Who cheapens life, abates the *fear of death*;---
Twice told the period, spent on stubborn Troy,
Court-favour, yet untaken, I besiege,
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little less,
Imbitt'ring the possess'd:---Why wish for more?
Wishing, of all employments is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay;
Were I as plump as stall'd Theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a *South Sea* dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool,
Caught at a court, purg'd off by purer air
And simpler diet, gifts of rural life!

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a single plank thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;

And meditate on scenes more distant still,
Pursue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager *Ambition's* fiery chase I see ;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursu'd, each other's prey ;
As wolves for rapine, as the fox for wiles,
Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame ?
Earth's highest station ends in, ' Here he lies ;'
And ' Dust to dust ' concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know
One, though in Britain born,---with courtiers
bred,--- [late ;

Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state ;
Some avocation deeming it-----to die,
Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich* ;
Guilt's blunder, and the loudest laugh of Hell.

O my Coevals !---remnants of yourselves !---
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave !
Shall we,---shall aged men,---like aged trees,---
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil ?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd
out,---

Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ?
With av'rice and convulsions grasping hard ?
Grasping at air ! for what has earth beside ?
Man wants but little, nor that little long.

How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal Nature lent him for an hour!
Years *unexperienc'd* rush on num'rous ills :
And soon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive :---And am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible I live?
Alive by miracle! or, what is next,
Alive by Mead! if I am still alive,
Who long have bury'd what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee, is not more shallow, than impure,
And vapid: Sense and Reason shew the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O THOU great Arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial SUN!
WHOSE all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness,---where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence, and could know
No motive, but my bliss: and hest ordain'd
A rise in blessing! with the *Patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land *unknown*;
I trust in THEE, and know in whom I trust;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs;
All weight in this O---let me live to THEE!

Though Nature's terrors, thus, may be repress

Still frowns grim *Death* ; guilt points the tyrant's
spear. [got,

And whence all human guilt ? From death for-
Ah me ! too long I set at nought the swarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew
And smil'd, unsmitten :--- Small my cause to smile !
Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shote,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their
wound ;

O think how deep, LORENZO ! here it stings ;
Who can appease its anguish ? How it burns !
What hand the barb'd, envenom'd, thought can
draw ?

What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ?

With joy, with grief, that *healing hand* I see :
Ah ! too conspicuous ! it is fix'd on high.

On high ?---what means my frenzy ?---I blas-
pheme :

Alas ! how *low* ? how far beneath the skies ?
The skies it form'd and now it bleeds for me
But bleeds the balm I want---yet still it *bleeds* ;
Draw the dire steel---ah, no ! the *dreadful* blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego
There hangs all human hope ; that nail supports
The falling universe : that gone, we drop ;
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth---
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust ;
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne ;
In heav'n itself can such indulgence dwell ?
O what a groan was there ! a groan *not HIS* :
HE seiz'd our dreadful right, the load sustain'd,

And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds, so bought, were bought
too dear:

Sensations *new* in angel's bosoms rise,—
Suspend their song, and make a pause in bliss:

O for *their* song to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me, *Night*! with all thy tuneful spheres,
Whilst I with *seraphs* share seraphic themes,
And shew to men the dignity of man,

Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
Shall *pagan* pages glow celestial flame, [heads,
And *christian* languish? On our hearts, not
Falls the foul infamy. My heart! awake:

What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
'Expended DEITY on human weal?' [night
Feel the *great truths*, which burst the tenfold
Of *heathen* error with a golden flood
Of endless day. To feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, LORENZO! is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Pow'r,
Still more tremendous for THY wondrous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands,
And foul transgression dips in sev'nfold night;
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just!

Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
Didst stain the *cross*: and work of wonders far
The greatest, that thy *dearest*-far might bleed.

Bold thought!—shall I dare speak it, or re-
press?

Should man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the guilt
Which rous'd such vengeance?—which such
love inflam'd? [arms,

O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with outstretch'd

Stern *justice* and soft-smiling *love*, embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,—
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man, inevitably lost:
What, but the fathomless of thought divine,
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue *both*? Both rescue! both exalt!
Oh how are both exalted by the *deed*!
The wondrous deed! or shall I call it *more*?
A wonder in Omnipotence itself!
A mystery no less to gods than men!

Not *thus*, our infidels th' ETERNAL draw,
A God all o'er consummate, absolute, [plete:
Full-orb'd, in HIS whole round of rays com-
They set at odds Heav'n's jarring attributes,
And with one excellence, another wound;
Maim Heav'n's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—GOD himself,
Undeify'd by their opprobrious praise;
A God all mercy is a God unjust.

Ye brainless Wits! ye baptiz'd Infidels!
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains!
The ransom was paid down; the fund of heav'n,
Heav'n's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond:—though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the SUPREME.

And was the ransom paid? it was; and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
The sun beheld it.—No,—the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot: *midnight* veil'd his face;
Not such as *this*,—not such as nature makes;

A *midnight* Nature shudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun!—didst thou fly thy MAKER's pain? or start
At that enormous load of human guilt, [His cross,
Which bow'd His blessed head, o'erwhelm'd
Made groan the centre,—burst earth's marble
womb dead?—

With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her
Hell howl'd—and heav'n that hour let fall a
tear:— [bled, that man
Heav'n wept, that men might smile!—Heav'n
Might never die!——

And is devotion virtue? 'tis *compell'd*. [these?
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like
Such contemplations mount us,—and should
mount

The mind still higher,—nor ever glance on man
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise,—
And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught;
Heav'n's sov'reign blessings, clust'ring from the
CROSS,

Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
The pris'ner of amaze!—In His blest *life*
I see the *path*, and in His *death*, the *price*,
And in his great *ascent*, the *proof* supreme,
Of immortality.—And did He rise?—
HEAR, O ye Nations!—hear it, O ye Dead!—
He rose!—He rose!—He burst the bars of
death.

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting Gates!
And give the King of Glory to come in.
Who is the King of Glory?—He who left

His throne of glory for the pang of death.—
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting Gates!
And give the King of Glory to come in.
Who is the King of Glory?—HE who slew
The rav'nous foe that gorg'd all human race!
The King of Glory HE,—whose glory fill'd
Heav'n with amazement at His love to man,
And with divine complacency beheld
Pow'rs most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain?
Oh, the burst gates!—crush'd sting!—demo-
lish'd throne!— [and heav'n,
Last gasp of vanquish'd Death.—Shout earth
This *sum of good* to man!—*whose nature then*
Took wing, and mounted with Him from the
tomb.

Then,—then,—I rose; then first *humanity*
Triumphant past the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in *our* name.—E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality [ration
Was *then* transferr'd to death; and heav'n's du-
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust.—Man, all-immortal, hail!
Hail, Heav'n! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On Christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' *Aonian* mount!—Alas! small cause for joy!
What if to pain immortal?—if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?—
I boast it still,—though cover'd o'er with guilt:
For guilt, not innocence, *His* life he pour'd;

'Tis guilt *alone* can justify HIS death;
Nor that,—unless HIS death can justify
Relenting guilt in Heav'n's indulgent sight.
If, *sick* of folly, I relent, HE writes
My name in heav'n with that inverted spear
(A spear deep-dipt in blood) which pierc'd HIS
And open'd there a font for all mankind, [side,
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink and
This, only *this*, subdues the *fear of death*. [live;
And what is *this*?—Survey the wondrous cure:
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!—
' PARDON for infinite offence! and pardon
Through means that speak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood!—with blood
DIVINE!—

With blood divine of Him I made my foe!—
Persisted to provoke! though woo'd and aw'd;
Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
A rebel, 'midst the thunders of HIS throne!
Nor I alone!—a rebel universe!
My species up in arms!—not one exempt!
Yet for the *foulest* of the foul He dies,—
Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!
As if our race were held of highest rank,—
And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man!

Bound ev'ry heart! and ev'ry bosom burn!
O what a scale of miracles is here?
Its lowest round, high planted on the skies,
Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! Oh that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise! flow for ever, (if astonishment
Will give thee leave) my praise for ever flow;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heav'n

More fragrant than *Arabia* sacrific'd,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame. [scend
So dear, so due to Heav'n, shall *praise* de-
With her soft plume (from *plausible* angels' wing
First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
Is *praise* the perquisite of ev'ry paw,
Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold?
Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours!
Shall *praise* her odours waste on virtues dead,
Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
Earn dirty bread by washing *Ethiops* fair,
Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
A scavenger in *scenes*, where *vacant* posts,
Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments? from courts and thrones
Return, apostate *praise*! thou vagabond!
Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
Thy first, thy greatest, once unrivall'd theme.
There flow redundant; like *Meander* flow,
Back to thy fountain, to that parent pow'r [soar,
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to
The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men, [bow,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they
In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt, and turn their backs on THEE,
GREAT SIRE! whom thrones celestial cease-
To prostrate angels an amazing scene! [less sing,
O the presumption of man's awe for man!—
Man's Author!—End!—Restorer!—Law!—
and Judge! [night,
Thine all;—day thine, and thine this gloom of
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds.
What night eternal but a frown from thee?

What heav'n's meridian glory but Thy smile?
And shall not *praise* be THINE, not human praise,
While heav'n's high host on *hallelujahs* live?

O may I breathe no longer than I breathe
My soul in praise to Him who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of hell, *great Love!* by
Oh most adorable! most unador'd! [Thee,
Where shall that praise begin which ne'er should
end?

Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
How is *night's* sable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attribute! [pomp,
What *wisdom* shines! what *love!* This midnight
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid!
Built with divine ambition! nought to Thee;
For others this profusion. Thou apart,
Above! beyond! Oh tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art Thou? Shall I dive into the *deep?*
Call to the *sun?* or ask the roaring *winds*
For their Creator? shall I question loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' ALMIGHTY dwells?
Or holds He furious *storms* in straiten'd reins,
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?

What mean these questions?—Trembling I re-
My prostrate soul adores the *present* God. [tract;
Praise I a distant Deity? HE tunes [sustains:
My voice (if tun'd); the nerve, that writes,
Wrapp'd in His being I resound His praise:
But though past *all* diffus'd, without a shore
His essence; *local* is his throne (as meet)
To gather the dispers'd (as standards call
The listed from afar;) to fix a point,

A central point, collective of his sons,
Since *finite* ev'ry nature but his own.

The nameless *He*, whose nod is *nature's* birth,
And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile! [sits
The great FIRST-LAST! pavilion'd high He
In darkness, from excessive splendor borne,
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors: He looks down
On all that soars,—and spans immensity. [view,

Though *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to
Boundless Creation! what art thou? a beam,
A mere effluvium of HIS majesty.
And shall an atom, of this atom-world,
Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of heav'n?
Down to the centre should I send my thought
Through beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
Goes out in darkness:—if, on tow'ring wing,
I send it through the boundless vault of stars,
(The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to

THEE,

Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King!)
If to those *conscious stars* Thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss,
And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they
want,—

Poor their abundance,—humble their sublime,—
Languid their energy,—their ardor cold;
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.

Still more—This theme is man's and man's
alone ;—

Their vast appointments reach it not; they see
 On earth a bounty not indulg'd on high,
 And *downwards* look for heav'n's superior praise!
 First-born of Æther! high in fields of light!
 View man, to see the glory of your God!
 Could angels envy, they had envy'd *here*:
 And some *did* envy: and the rest, though gods,
 Yet still gods *unredeem'd*; (there triumphs man,
 Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
 They less would *feel*, though more adorn my
 theme.

They sung *creation* (for in that they shar'd):
 How rose in melody, that child of Love!
 Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
 Thine is *redemption*; they just gave the key;
 'Tis thine to raise, and eternise, the song:
 Though human, yet divine; for should not *this*
 Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here*?
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labor of the skies;
 Far *more* than labor—it was *death* in heav'n.—
 A truth so strange,—'twere bold to think it
 If not far bolder still to disbelieve. [true.—

Hear pause and ponder. Was there death in
 heav'n? [blow?

What then on earth? on earth, which struck the
 Who struck it?—Who?—O how is man enlarg'd,
 Seen through this medium! how the pigmy tow'rs!
 How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
 How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
 How voided his vast distance from the skies!
 How near he presses on the seraph's wing!

Which is the seraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonstrates, through the thickest
cloud

Of guilt and clay condens'd, the son of Heav'n!
The *double* son; the made, and the re-made!
And shall Heav'n's double property be lost?
Man's double madness only can destroy.
To man the bleeding Cross has promis'd *all*;
The bleeding Cross has sworn eternal grace.
Who gave his life, what grace shall He deny?
O Ye! who, from this *rock of ages*, leap,
Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll!
Our int'rest in the Master of the storm:
Cling *there*, and, in wreck'd Nature's ruins, *smile*,
While vile apostates *tremble* in a calm.

Man! know thyself: all wisdom centres there.
To none man seems ignoble, but to man.
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
How long shall human nature be *their* book,
Degen'rate Mortal! and *unread* by thee?
The beam dim *reason* sheds shews wonders there:
What high contents! illustrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
Our human heights, scarce sever'd from divine,
By Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the cross.
Who looks on *that*, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a GOD bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm:—
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, Eternity! at thee,

And drops the word—or, rather, more enjoys :
How chang'd the face of Nature ! how improv'd !
What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an *Eden* ; heighten'd all !
It is another scene ! another self !

And still another, as time rolls along,
And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
Unpierc'd by bold Conjecture's keenest ray,
What evolutions of surprising Fate !

How Nature opens, and receives my soul [gods
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought ! where
Encounter and embrace me ! What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun, [exists,
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er
Old *time*, and fair *creation*, are forgot !

Is this extravagant ? of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be just :
Conception unconfined wants wings to reach him ;
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only more.
He the great Father ! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals ; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fount ; pour'd Himself
Through all their souls ; but not in equal stream,
Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring GOD,
As His wise plan demanded ; and when past
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Resorbs them all into Himself again, [cr own.
His throne their centre, and His smile their

Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to sing,
Though yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold ?
Angels are men of a superior kind ;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,

High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praise:
While *here*, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,
And summon'd to the *glorious standard* soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent; but not absent from their love.

MICHAEL has fought our battles; RAPHAEL sung
Our triumphs; GABRIEL on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sov'reign: and are these, O Man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? and thou (shame
The cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute? [burn

Religion's ALL. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess, in her left
Holds out *this* world, and in her right the *next*.
Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
Supporter sole of man above himself;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.

Religion! providence! an after-state!
Here is firm footing; *here* is solid rock;
This can support us; *all* is sea besides;—
Sinks under us;—bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind Fate, discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and *Elysian* prospects rise,

His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;
 As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
 So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims,
 And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
 Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
 To *Reason's* region, her own element,
 Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
 And, groaning *Calvary!* of thee: *there* shine
 The noblest truths; there strongest motives
 There sacred violence assaults the soul; [sting;
 There nothing but *compulsion* is forborne.

Can love allure us? or can terror awe? [sun:—
 HE weeps!—the falling drop puts out the
 HE sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation
 If in His love so terrible, what then [shakes.
 His wrath inflam'd? His tenderness on fire,
 Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires!
 Can pray'r, can praise avert it?—THOU, my *all!*
 My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
 My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
 My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth,—my
 world,

My light in darkness! and my life in death!
 My boast through time! bliss through eternity,
 Eternity, too short to speak thy praise,
 Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
 To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me;
 My sacrifice! my God! — what things are
 these! [call THEE?

What then art Thou? by what name shall I
 Knew I the name devout archangels use,
 Devout archangels should the name enjoy,

By me unrivall'd ; thousands more sublime
None half so dear, as that, which, though un-
spoke,
Still glows at heart: O how Omnipotence
Is lost in love! thou great Philanthropist!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born!
Thou who didst save him, snatch the smok-
ing brand [blood!
From out the flames, and quench it in Thy
How art Thou pleas'd by bounty to distress?
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favour and confound;
To challenge, and to distance all return!
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale?
Thy right too great, defrauds thee of thy due;
And sacrilegious our sublimest song.
But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile,
Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
And future life symphonious to my strain,
(That noblest hymn to Heav'n!) for ever lie
Intomb'd my *fear of death*! and ev'ry fear,
The dread of ev'ry evil, but Thy frown.

Whom see I yonder so demurely smile?
Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
Ye Quietists! in homage to the skies!
Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence! who *halt* indeed;
But, for the blessing, *wrestle* not with Heav'n,
Think you my song too turbulent? too warm?
Are *passions*, then the pagans of the soul?

Reason alone baptiz'd? alone ordain'd
To touch things sacred? Oh for warmer still!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my
pow'rs:

Oh for an humbler heart, and prouder song!
Thou, my much injur'd Theme! with that soft
eye

Which melted o'er doom'd *Salem*, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
And pardon to the winter in my strain.

Oh ye bold-hearted, frozen, Formalists!
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm:
Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*.
Shall Heav'n, which gave us ardor, and has
shewn

Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollient in theology,
Recumbent Virtue's downy doctors, preach,
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise!
Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd*?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heav'n;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High heav'n's *orches/ra* chaunts *amen* to man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heav'n,
Soft-wafted on celestial *Pity's* plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom!
Oh when will *death* (now stingless) like a friend
Admit me of their choir! Oh when will *death*
This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down,
Give beings, one in nature, one abode!
Oh Death divine! that giv'st us to the skies:

Great *future*! glorious patron of the *past*
And *present*! when shall I thy shrine adore!
From Nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
This dark incarcerated *colony* [chains
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our
That manumits: that calls from exile home;
That leads to Nature's great metropolis,
And re-admits us, through the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne,
Who hears our Advocate, and through his
wounds

Beholding man, allows *that* tender name,
'Tis this makes *Christian triumph* a command:
'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise.
'Tis impious in a good man to be sad. [hope!
Seest thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our
Touch'd by the *cross* we live; or, more than die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more di-
vine

Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory: partial *touch*!
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and sov'reign through the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From heav'n through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *Nature*! and thy God's renown:—
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in
death, [transforms
Turns earth to heav'n, to heav'nly thrones
The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.

Dost ask me when? When he who dy'd re-
turns; [woe?

Returns, how chang'd? Where then the man of
In Glory's terrors all the Godhead burns;
And all His courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in His train,
Leave a stupendous solitude in heav'n;
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new,—of angels from the tomb.

Is this by fancy thrown remote? and rise
Dark doubts between the promise, and event?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is *Christian*; preaches to mankind,
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds
On gazing nations, from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether, coasts unnumber'd
worlds,

Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heav'n's mighty cape; and then revisits earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus at the destin'd period shall return
He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze,
And with Him *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or Hope precarious in low whisper breathes;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; ev'n *adders* hear:
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind *Nature* cannot shun,

And lands Thought smoothly on the farther shore.

Death's terror is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain-barrier between man and peace.
'Tis *faith* disarms Destruction; and absolves
From ev'ry clam'rous charge the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve! Lorenzo!—'Reason bids,
'All-sacred Reason.'—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
'All-sacred *Reason*! source and soul of all
Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the blessed cross, by Fortune stamp'd
On passive Nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal!
No;—*Reason* re-baptis'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale;
My heart became the convert of my head;
And made that choice, which once was but my
'On argument alone my faith is built.' [fate,
Reason pursu'd is *faith*; and, unpursu'd
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more:
And such our *proof*, that, or *faith*, is right,
Or Reason lies, and Heav'n design'd it wrong;
Absolve we this! what, then, is blasphemy?
Fond as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
Reason we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair *Faith* is but the flow'r;
The fading flow'r shall die: but *Reason* lives
Immortal, as her father in the skies:
When *faith* is virtue, reason makes it so.

Wrong not the Christian; think not reason
your's;

'Tis *reason* our great *Master* holds so dear;
'Tis *reason's* injur'd rights His wrath resents;
'Tis *Reason's* voice obey'd His glories crown:
To give lost *reason* life, He pour'd His own:
Believe, and shew the reason of a man:
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a god;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Through *reason's* wounds alone thy *faith* can die
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to Death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting.

Learn hence what honors, what loud *pæans*,
To those who push our antidote aside; [due
Those boasted friends to *reason* and to *man*,
Whose fatal love stabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd,
And viify'd at once; of *reason* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old,
What conduct plants proud laurels on their
brow!— [sounds,

While *love of truth* through all their camp re-
They draw *Pride's* curtain o'er the noontide ray,
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd Argument,—
And then exulting in their taper, cry,
'Behold the sun;' and, *Indian-like*, adore.

Talk they of *morals*? O Thou bleeding
Love!

Thou Maker of *new* morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of Thee.
As wise as *Socrates*, if such they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown)

As wise as Socrates, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.

A *Christian* is the highest style of man:
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his dishonor'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight: [charge,
The wretch they quit, desponding of their
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?
Ye sold to sense?—ye Citizens of earth?—
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great
your gain?

Behold the picture of earth's happiest man:—
'He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on:
Till *One* calls him, who varies not his call,
But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
Till Nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
A freedom far less welcome than his chain.'

But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize, her latest hour;
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career.
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy
Where is the fable of thy former years? [shroud!
Thrown down the gulf of time; as far from
thee

As they had ne'er been thine: the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going:
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift:—Eternity is all;

And whose eternity?—Who triumphs there?

Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!

For ever basking in the Deity?

LORENZO! who?—Thy conscience shall reply.

O give it leave to speak; 'twill speak ere
long,

Thy leave unask'd:—LORENZO! hear it now,

While useful its advice, its accent mild.

By the great edict, the divine decree,

Truth is deposited with man's *last hour*;

An honest hour, and faithful to her trust;

Truth! eldest daughter of the Deity!

Truth! of His council when he made the worlds;

Nor less, when He shall judge the world he
made;

Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er sound,

Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys,

That heav'n-commission'd hour no sooner calls,

But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,

Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,

The goddess bursts in thunder, and in flame,—

Loudly convinces, and severely pains.

Dark Dæmons I discharge, and hydra-stings;

The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is HELL;

Just definition! though by schools untaught.

Ye deaf to truth! peruse this parson'd page,

And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest;

'Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*

NIGHT V.

THE RELAPSE.

Humbly inscribed to

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

LORENZO! to recriminate is just,
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no
more.

As just thy *second charge*. I grant the *Muse*
Has often blush'd at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd;—
As if to magic numbers' pow'rful charm
'Twas giv'n, to make a *civet* of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true Pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of *pleasure*, and of *pride*:
These share the man, and these distract him too;
Draw different ways, and clash in their com-
mands.

Pride, like, an eagle, builds among the stars;
But *Pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute creation, *Pride* resents;
Pleasure embraces: man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once*: a point how hard to gain!
But what can't *Wit*, when stung by strong de-
sire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprize.
Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *Reason's* taste,
In subtle *Sophistry's* laborious forge
Wit hammers out a reason *new*, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone so loose,—
Nor less than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus that which shock'd the *judgment* shocks
no more ;

That which gave *Pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and *Pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
By *Wit's* address, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed *Art* ! wipes off the indebted blush
From Nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame.
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And Infamy stands candidate for praise.

All writ by man in favour of the soul,
These *sensual ethics* far, in bulk, transcend.
The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted Vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can pow'rs of genius exorcise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song?

But let not these inexpressible strains
Condemn the Muse that knows her dignity,
Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world
As 'tis, in Nature's ample field, a point,
A point, in her esteem, from whence to start,

And run the round of universal space,
To visit being universal there,
And being's Source that utmost flight of mind!
Yet spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
Sing *Syrens* only? do not angels sing?
There is in *Poesy* a decent pride, [Prose,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to
Her younger sister, haply not more wise.

Think'st thou, LORENZO! to find pastimes here?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flow'r,
No rainbow colours *here*, or silken tale;
But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which Eternity lets fall on man, [spheres.
With double weight, through these revolving
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade:
Thoughts such as shall revisit your last hour,
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires:—
And thy dark pencil, *Midnight*! darker still
In melancholy dipp'd, imbrowns the whole.

Yet this, ev'n this, my laughter-loving Friends!
LORENZO! and thy brothers of the smile!
If what imports you most can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know the wise shall taste
The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel;
And, feeling, give assent; and their assent
Is ample recompence; is more than praise,
But chiefly thine, O LITCHFIELD! nor mistake!
Think not un introduc'd I force my way;
NARCISSA, not unknown, not unall'd
By virtne, or by blood, illustrious youth!

To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bow'rs,
Where all the language *harmony*, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the Muse;
A Muse that will not pain thee with thy praise:
Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.

O Thou, Bless'd Spirit! whether the supreme,
Great Antemundane Father! in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Present, though future, prior to themselves;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again,
Or from HIS throne some delegated pow'r,
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!
Unseen THOU lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the God, than that which burst
From fam'd *Castalia*; nor is yet allay'd
My sacred thirst, though long my soul has rang'd
Through pleasing paths of *moral* and *divine*,
By THEE sustain'd, and lighted by the Stars.

By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought*;
Nights are their *days*, their most-illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken, ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontroll'd, and unimpress'd, the
Of pure election, arbitrary range, [births
Not to the limits of one world confin'd,
But from *ethereal* travels light on earth,

As voyagers drop anchor for repose.

Let *Indians*, and the gay, like *Indians*, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore ;
Darkness has more divinity for me ;
It strikes thought inward ; it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme !
There lies our theatre ! there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene ;
'Tis the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out
Twixt man and vanity ; 'tis *Reason's* reign,
And *Virtue's* too ; these tutelary shades
Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too ;
It no less *rescues* virtue than *inspires*.

Virtue, for ever frail as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain :
The world's infectious ; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted ; we *resolv'd*,
Is shaken ; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange ; *light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*,
All, scatter us abroad. Thought, outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home-affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast ungarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires *ambition* ; *love of gain*
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast :
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours, breathe,
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,

From smiling man! A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancor*, or *impure desire*.

We see, we hear, with peril; *Safety* dwells
Remote from multitude. The world's a school
Of *wrong*; and what proficients swarm around!
We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes:
That stains our innocence, *this* wounds our peace.
From Nature's birth, hence, *Wisdom* has been
smit

With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone;
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an Atheist half-believes a God.

Night is fair *Virtue's* immemorial friend.
The conscious moon, through ev'ry distant age,
Has held a lamp to *Wisdom*, and let fall,
On *Contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.

The fam'd *ATHENIAN*, he who woo'd from heav'n
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men;
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit.

In *private* audience:—all the livelong night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands,
Nor quits his theme, or posture, still the sun
(Rude drunkard! rising rosy from the main)

Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world. [waste
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black
Of murder'd time! Auspicious *Midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with Heav'n,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm,
All her lies answers, and *thinks* down her charms.

What awful joy! what mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkness; rather say
(If not too bold) in darkness I'm imbow'r'd.
Delightful gloom! the clust'ring thoughts around
Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade,—
But droop by day, and sicken in the *sun*.
Thought borrows light elsewhere; from that *first*
FOUNTAIN of animation! whence descends [fire,
URANIA, my celestial guest! who deigns
Nightly to visit me, so mean; and *now*
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart; NARCISSA's tomb!

Or is it feeble Nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again?
Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood?
A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? how *unequal!*—now we *soar*,
And now we *sink*. To be the same transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds

The blush of weakness, to the bane of woe.
The noblest spirit, fighting her hard fate
In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall:
Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
And not to *yield*, through *beaten*, all our praise.

'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous
thought,

Experience damps our triumph. I, who late
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,—
Where grief detain'd me pris'ner,—mounting
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day, [high,
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off, in æther pure,
And struck the stars, *now* feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush:
Like him whom fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in *Sorrow's* stream:—
Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain,
(Inestimable gain!) and gives Heav'n leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.

If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
Ennobles man? What else have angels learn'd?)
Grief! more proficient in *thy* school are made,
Than Genius or proud Learning e'er could boast.
Voracious Learning, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This *bookcase*, with dark booty almost burst,
This *forager* on other's wisdom, leaves

Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd;
With *mixt* manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not drest; and rich to beggary:
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails:—
Her *servant's* wealth encumber'd *Wisdom* mourns.

And what says *Genius*? 'Let the dull be wise.'
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong,
And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd,
It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense*,
Considers *reason* as a leveller,
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd,
That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim;
To glory and to pleasure gives the rest:
CRASSUS but sleeps, *ARDELIO* is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool than wit. [weep.

But *Wisdom* smiles, when humbled mortals
When Sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs the
glebe,

And hearts obdurate *feel* her soft'ning show'r;
Her seed celestial, then, glad wisdom sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.

If so, *NARCISSA*! welcome my *Relapse*;
I'll raise a tax on my calamity,

And reap rich compensation from my *pain*.

I'll range the plenteous intellectual field,

And gather ev'ry thought of sov'reign pow'r

To chase the moral maladies of man; [skies,

Thoughts which may bear transplanting to the

Though natives of this coarse, penurious, soil;

Nor wholly wither there, where *seraphs* sing,

Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heav'n:

Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same

In either clime, though more illustrious there.

These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,

Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb;
And, peradventure, of no fading flow'rs. [cend?

Say, on what themes shall puzzled choice des-
Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;—
'Why men decline it; suicide's foul birth;
The various kinds of grief; the faults of age;
And death's dread character—invite my song.'

And, first, the importance of our end survey'd,
Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief:
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal *too* soon.
Are they more kind than He who struck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,
And bring it back, a true and endless peace?
Calamities are friends: as glaring day,
Of these number'd lustres, robs our sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine to man. [scenes,
The man how bless'd, who, sick of gaudy
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
Is led by *choice*, to take his fav'rite walk,
Beneath Death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
LORENZO! read with me NARCISSA's stone;
(Narcissa was thy fav'rite) let us read
Her *moral* stone; few doctors preach so well;
Few orators so tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What pathos in the date!
Apt words can strike; and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we here enjoy.
What cause have *we* to build on length of life?
Temptations seize, when fear is laid asleep,

And ill foreboded, is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess! sallies on my soul,
And puts *Delusion's* dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mist our sultry passions raise,
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene;
And shews the real estimate of things,
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the veil from *Virtue's* rising charms;
Detects *temptation* in a thousand lies.

Truth bids me look on men as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust
Driv'n by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new pow'rs,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities; think nought
To man so foreign as the joys *possess'd*,
Nought so much his as those *beyond* the grave.

No folly keeps its colour in *her* sight;
Pale *worldly* Wisdom, loses all her charms. [found
In pompous promise, from her schemes pro-
If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like *Sybil*, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!—
At the first blast it vanishes in air.

Not so *celestial*. Wouldst thou know, LORENZO!
How differ wordly wisdom and divine?
Just as the *waning* and the *waxing* moon.
More empty, worldly wisdom, ev'ry day,
And ev'ry day, more fair, her rival shines.
When later, there's less time to play the fool.
Soon our whole term for wisdom is expir'd,
(Thou *know'st* she calls no council in the grave)
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real* wisdom wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resemble *Sybils'* leaves,
The good man's days to *Sybils'* books compare,
(In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale,)
In price still rising as in number less,—
Inestimable quite his final hour.

For *that* who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.
'Oh let me die his death!'—all Nature cries.
'Then live his life.'—All Nature falters there;
Our great physician daily to consult,—
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.

What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's;
and yet

From a friend's grave how soon we disengage!
Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends ravish'd from us? 'tis to bind,
By soft Affection's ties, on human hearts
The thought of death, which reason, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life;
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.

Is death, that ever-threat'ning, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that *only* sure,
(Come when he will,) an unexpected guest?
Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
Of blind imprudence, unexpected still?—
Though num'rous messengers are sent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cause.
The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill?
All heav'n looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it, that Life has sown her *joys* so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that Life has such a swarm of *cares*,
The thought of death can't enter from the throng?
Is it, that *Time* steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *Indulgence* from her golden dream?
To-day is so like *yesterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, LORENZO! like a brook,
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice;
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow:
Nor mark the *much* irrecoverably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or, shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream!
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of time *descend*, but not on time *intent*;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave,
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out; what see we there;
Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* struck blind,—
That domineering mistress of the soul?
Like him so strong, by Delilah the fair?
Or, is it *fear*, turns startled *Reason* back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?
'Tis dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd
By Nature, conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of Life.

By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,
The *good man* would repine; would *suffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein,
Bound o'er the barrier, *rush* into the dark,
And mar the scenes of Providence below.

What groan was that LORENZO!—Furies!
And drown, in your less execrable yell, [rise,
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul, [flight
Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant *Altamont*,
So call'd, so thought,—and *then* he fled the field,
Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.

O *Britain!* infamous for SUICIDE!

An *island* in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rational*s beside!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd while I detect the cause
Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,
And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy *clime*, nor chide the distant sun;
The sun is innocent, thy *clime* absolv'd.
Immortal climes kind nature never made.
The cause I sing, in *Eden* might prevail,
And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow
Who names his soul) a native of the skies! [tain,
High-born, and free, her freedom should main-
Unsold, unmortgag'd for *earth's* little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,

Studios of home, and ardent to return,
Of *earth* suspicious,—*earth's* enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge,
On *immortality*, her godlike taste;
There take large draughts; make their chief
banquet *there*.

But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend: [*heav'n!*
Ask alms of *earth*, for guests, that came from
Sink into slaves; and sell, for *present* hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native *freedom* to the prince who sways
This nether world: and when his paymants fail,
When his foul basket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates lothe the basket full,—
Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting their confinement, though fast
barr'd

By laws divine and human,—guarded strong
With horrors doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest Nature or dire guilt can rise,
And moated round with fathomless destruction,
Sure to receive and whelm them in their fall.

Such BRITONS! is the *cause*, to you unknown,—
Or, worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
Is madness; but the madness of the *heart*.
And what is that! Our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
With monstrous births, and *suicide*, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heav'n's law supreme, and desperately rush
Through sacred *Nature's* murder, on their own

Because they never *think of death*, they die.
'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun, and meditate his end.
When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of *Wisdom!* if our choice, not fate,)
Or o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and in ev'ry clock
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
That most pathetic herald of our own;
How read we such sad scenes? As sent to man
In perfect *vengeance*?—No,—in *pity* sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress;
Indelible, Death's image on his heart,
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble,—we forget, we smile.
The mind turns fool before the cheek is dry.
Or quick-returning folly cancels all,
As the tide rushing rases what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

LORENZO! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh?
Or study'd the philosophy of tears?
(A science yet unletter'd in our schools!)
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? if not, descend with me,
And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

Our *fun'ral* tears, from diff'rent causes, rise:
As if from sep'rate cisterns in the soul,
Of various *kinds* they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.

Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear: [share,
They dwell on praises, which they think they
And thus, without a blush, commend them-
selves. [love;
Some mourn in proof, that something they could
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *shew*.
Some weep, in perfect justice to the dead,
As 'conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unappris'd
Tears sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address, the soft *Ephesians* draw
Their sable network o'er entangled hearts!
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their
cheek!
Of her's not prouder *Egypt's* wanton queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
Some weep at death, abstracted from the dead,
And celebrate, like CHARLES, their own de-
cease.
By kind construction some are *deem'd* to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears, while Reason
Or gazes, like an idiot, unconcern'd; [sleeps,
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;
Knows not it speaks to *her*, and her alone,

Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,
That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *sorrow's* pang, the birth of endless joy;
But *these* are barren of that birth divine;
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,—
And full as short! the cruel grief soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stingless tale;
Far as the deep-resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more:
No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.

Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by
Are spent in wat'ring vanities of life; [death
In making folly flourish still more fair.
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
Instead of learning *there* her true support,
Though there thrown down, her true support
to learn,—

Without Heav'n's aid, impatient to be blest,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell;
With stale forsworn embraces clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life,
Presents her *weed*, well-fancy'd, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's-head* on the ring.
So wept AURELIA,—till the destin'd youth
Stept in with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching sables into bridal bloom.
So wept LORENZO fair CLARISSA's fate,
Who gave that angel-boy on whom he dotes;
And dy'd to give him,—orphan'd in his birth!
Not such NARCISSA! my distress for Thee,
I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,

To sacrifice to Wisdom.—What wast thou?

'Young, gay, and fortunate!' each yields a
theme:

I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe,
(Heav'n knows I labour with severer still!)

I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.

A soul without reflection, like a pile

Without inhabitant, to ruin runs. [hairs?

And, first, thy *youth*: what says it to gray
NARCISSA! I'm become *thy* pupil now.

Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,

She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to heav'n.

Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 'tis borne

Aloft nor thinks but on *another's* grave.

Cover'd with shame I speak it;—age severe,

Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair,

With graceless gravity, chastising youth

That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,

Father of all forgetfulness of death

As if, like objects pressing on the sight,

Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen;

Or that life's loan, *time* ripen'd into right,

And men might plead prescription from the

Deathless, from repetition of reprieve. [grave;

Deathless? far from it! *such* are dead already;

Their hearts are bury'd, and the world their
grave. [tell

Tell me, some God!—my guardian Angel!

What thus infatuate?—What enchantment
plants

The phantom of an age 'twixt us and Death,

Already at the door? He knocks;—we hear
him,—

And yet we will not hear. What mail defends

Our untouch'd hearts?—What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd? [quivers
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling, wounded oft ourselves,
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal
We see Time's furrows on another's brow, [still!
And Death intrench'd, preparing his assault:
How few themselves in *that* just mirror see!
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong!
There death is certain: doubtful *here*: he *must*,
And soon: we *may*, within an *age* expire,
Though gray our heads, our thoughts and aims
are green; [sent;

Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dis-
Folly sings six, while *Nature* points at twelve.

Absurd *Longevity*! More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry
kind.

And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?

Object and *appetite*, must club for joy;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Bawbles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
While *Nature* is relaxing ev'ry string? [*within*.
Ask *Thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed?

Contract the taste immortal; learn ev'n *now*
To relish what alone subsists hereafter.

Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys

Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die:—

That wish is *praise*, and *promise*; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.

What weakness see not children in their sires!
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Gray-hair'd authority, to faults of youth
How shocking! it makes folly thrive a fool,
And our first childhood might our last despise.
Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope:
Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first*; the *last*,
Nothing, but the *repute of being wise*.
Folly bars both—our age is quite undone.

What folly can be ranker? like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil. [knell
Enough to live in tempest; die in port:
Age should fly concourse, eover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*, and the *will* subdue;
Walk thoughtful, on the silent solemn shore
Of that vast ocean, it must sail so soon,—
And put *good works* on board, and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds *unknown*:
If *unconsider'd*, too, a dreadful scene!

All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaste:
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The *thought* of death alone the *fear* destroys:
A disaffection to that precious thought
Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask LORENZO, why so warmly prest,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death?—That thought is the
machine,— [dust,
The grand machine! that heaves us from the

And rears us into men. *That* thought ply'd home,
Will soon *reduce* the ghastly precipice
O'er hanging hell, will soften the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave.
How warmly to be wish'd! what heart of flesh
Would trifle with tremendous?—dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite?—what hand,
Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
(To speak a language *too well* known to thee)
Would at a moment give its ALL to chance
And *stamp* the dye for an eternity?

Aid me, NARCISSA!—aid me to keep pace
With Destiny, and, ere her scissars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of mortal death that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my slumb'ring *reason* to send forth
A thought of observation on the foe;
To sally, and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man,
Who JEHU-like, behind him turns them all.
All *accident* apart, by *Nature* sign'd,
My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then *forward* only look for Death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
Man is a *self-survivor* ev'ry year.
Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noontide*, his, my *yesterday*:
The bold invader shares the *present* hour.
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our *birth* his nothing but our death begun.

As tapers waste that intant they take fire. [pass,
Shall we then fear, lest that should come to
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?
If fear we *must*, let *that* death turn us pale
Which murders strength and ardour; what re-
mains

Should rather *call* on Death, than *dread* his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline! [knell
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's
(Rude visitant!) knocks hard at your *dull* sense,
And with its *thunder* scarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme in ev'ry place and hour;
Nor longer want, ye monumental Sires!
A brother tomb to tell you, *you shall die*.

That death you *dread* (so great is Nature's skill!)
Know, you shall *court* before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you sit;
In wisdom, shallow. Pompous ignorance!——
Would you be still more learned than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be
known, [sense.

And what that knowledge, which impairs your
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field,
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.

You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *Nature*, and *Experience*, moral truth,
Of indispensable, eternal fruit,
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods;
And dive in *science* for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride;
Sinking in virtue as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,

Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Awake, ye curious Indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you, known.
If you would learn Death's character, attend,
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dyes of Fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random;—or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countless multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *disappoint* us by their death!
Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.

Like other tyrants, *Death* delights to smite,
What, smitten, *most* proclaims the pride of pow'r
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb;
Me thine, NARCISSA!—What though short thy
date?

Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;—
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth METHUSALEMS may die;
O how *misdated* on their flatt'ring tombs!

NARCISSA's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far:
And can her *gaiety* give counsel too?
That, like the Jew's fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of Death*,
Ill known to thee, LORENZO! *This thy vaunt;*

‘ Give Death his Due, the wretched and the
old;

Ev’n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave;
Let him not violate kind Nature’s laws,
But own man born to *live* as well as *die*.’

Wretched and *old* thou giv’st him; *young* and *gay*
He takes, and plunder is a tyrant’s joy.

What if I prove, ‘ the farthest from the *fear*,
Are often nearest to the *stoke* of fate!’

All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life.

As if bright embers should emit a flame,
Glad spirits sparkled from NARCISSA’S eye,
And made Youth younger, and taught Life to live.

As Nature’s opposites wage endless war,
For *this* offence, as treason to the deep
Inviolable stupor of his reign,

Where *lust* and turbulent *ambition* sleep,
Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
More life is still more odious; and, reduc’d

By conquest, aggrandizes more his pow’r,
But wherefore aggrandiz’d! By heav’n’s decree
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,

In awful expectation of our end. [but so
Thus runs Death’s dread commission; ‘ Strike
‘ As most alarms the living by the dead.’

Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprise*,
And cruel sport with man’s securities,
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim;

And, where least fear’d, there conquest tri-
umphs most.

This proves my bold assertion not too bold.

What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep Dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfess'd in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *Death* assumes [us:
The name and look of *Life*, and dwells among
He takes all shapes that serves his black de-
Though master of a wider empire far [signs:
Than that o'er which the Roman Eagle flew,
Like Nero, he's a fiddler, charioteer;
Or drives his phaëton in female guise;
Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath,
His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the form least like himself,
His slender self: hence burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambush in a smile; or, wanton, dive
In dimples deep; Love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Such on NARCISSA's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown, and when detected, still was seen
To smile: such peace has Innocence in death!

Most happy they! whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on *death*, and one full fix'd on *heav'n*,
Becomes a mortal and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy,
I've seen, or dream'd I saw, the tyrant dress,
Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.—
Say, Muse! for thou remember'st, call it back,
And shew LORENZO the surprising scene;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.

'Twas in a circle of the gay I stood:

Death would have enter'd; *Nature* push'd him
Supported by a doctor of renown, [back:
His point he gain'd; then artfully *dismiss'd*
The sage; for *Death* design'd to be conceal'd:
He gave an old vivacious usurer
His meagre aspect, and his naked bones,
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd spenthrift, whose fantastic air,
Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change; and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
His crooked brow he straighten'd to a cane,
And hid his deadly shafts in *Myra's* eye.

The dreadful masquerader thus equipp'd,
Out sallies on adventures. Ask you where?—
Where is he not?—For his peculiar haunts
Let this suffice; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *Pleasure's* footsteps round the
world, [shuns.
When *Pleasure* treads the paths which *Reason*
When, against *Reason*, *Riot* shuts the door,—
And *gaiety* supplies the place of *sense*;
Then, foremost at the banquet, and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly
dye.

Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Only he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far; and when the revel burns,
Then *Fear* is banish'd, and triumphant *Thought*,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against *him* turns the key; and bids him sup
With their progenitors—he drops his mask,

Frowns out at full, they start,—despair,—expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black mask of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery.

And more than simple conquest, in the fiend?

And now, LORENZO, dost thou wrap the
In soft security because unknown [soul
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?

In death's *uncertainty*, thy danger lies.

Is death uncertain? *therefore* thou be fix'd,

Fix'd as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,

All expectation of the coming foe.

Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear,

Lest Slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,—

And Fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be
strong;

Thus give each day the merit and renown

Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die:

Nor let life's period, hidden, (as from most)

Hide, too, from thee the precious use of life.

Early, not sudden, was NARCISSA's fate:

Soon, not surprising, Death his visit paid:

Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,

Nor *Gaiety* forgot it was to die. [theme)

Though FORTUNE, too, (our third and final

As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,

And ev'ry glitt'ring gewgaw, on her sight,

To dazzle and debauch it from its mark.

Death's dreadful advent, is the mark of man,

And ev'ry thought that misses it is blind.

Fortune with *Youth* and *Gaiety* conspir'd

To weave a triple wreath of happiness,

(If happiness on earth) to crown her brow :
And could *Death* charge through such a shining
shield ?

That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O how protentious is prosperity !
How comet-like, it threatens while it shines !
Few years but yield us proof of *Death's* ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honors, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye :
When Fortune, thus, has toss'd her child in air,
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy ! and our ev'ning sigh !
As if *her* bounties were the signal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath, to mark the sacrifice,
And call *Death's* arrows on the destin'd prey.
High Fortune seems in cruel league with
Fate.

Ask you for what ? to give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil ;—
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns LORENZO still for the sublime
Of life ? to hang his airy nest on high,
On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
Rock'd at each breeze, and menacing a fall ?
Granting grim *Death* at equal distance *there*,—
Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched ? happiness *deny'd* ?

LORENZO! no; 'tis happiness *disdain'd*:—
She comes too meanly dress'd to win our smile;
And calls herself *Content*, a homely name!
Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead;
A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise,
And all our ecstacies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since *thy* peace is dear, ambitious Youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!
As late I drew *Death's* picture, to stir up
Thy wholesome fears, *now*, drawn in contrast, see
Gay *fortune's*, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air the sportive goddess hangs,
Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends,
Sons o'er the fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er their
fair,

(Still more ador'd) to snatch the golden show'r.
Gold glitters most, where virtue shines no
more,

As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries,
Unkennel'd from the prisons and the stews,
Pour in: all op'ning in their idol's praise!
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,

And mourn, in just proportion to their store.

And *Death's* approach (if orthodox my song)
Is hasten'd by the lure of *Fortune's* smiles.

And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?

And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin?

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;

A blow which, while it executes, alarms,

And startles thousands with a single fall.

As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,

Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,

The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence;

By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdu'd,

Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her
height,

In cumbrons ruin thunders to the ground;

The conscious forest, trembles at the shock,

And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.

These high-aim'd darts of *Death*, and these

Should I collect, my quiver would be full; [alone,

A quiver which, suspended in mid air,

Or near heav'n's archer, in the zodiac, hung,

(So could it be) should draw the public eye,—

The gaze and contemplation of mankind!

A constellation awful, yet benign, [wave,

To guide the gay through life's tempestuous

Nor suffer them to strike the common rock;

'From greater danger, to grow more secure,

And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate.'

LYSANDEE, happy past the common lot,

Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.

He woo'd the fair ASPASIA; she was kind:

In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were
bless'd:

All who knew, envy'd: yet in envy lov'd:

Can fancy form more finish'd happiness?—
Fix'd was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the sounding beach. The glitt'ring
 spires
Float in the wave, and break against the shore:
So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning *smil'd*: he takes his leave
To re-embrace, in ecstacies, at eve:
The rising storm *forbids*: the news arrives;
Untold she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen, (her heart was apt to feel)
And drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows shares his tomb.
Now, round the sumptuous bridal monument
The guilty billows innocently roar,
And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
A tear?—Can tears suffice?—But not for *me*,
How vain our efforts! and our arts how vain!
The distant train of thought I took, to *shun*,
Has *thrown* me on my fate.—*These* dy'd together:
Happy in ruin! undivorc'd by death!—
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace.
NARCISSA! Pity bleeds at thought of thee:
Yet thou wast only *near* me, not *myself*.
Survive *myself*?—that cures all other woe.
NARCISSA lives; PHILANDER is forgot.
O the soft commerce! O the tender ties,
Close twisted with the fibres of the heart! [soul
Which, broken, break them, and drain off the
Of human joy, and make it pain to live——
And is it then to live? When such friends part
'Tis the survivor dies.—My heart! no more.

NIGHT VI.
THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the
Nature, Proof, and Importance of Immortality

PART I.

Where, amongst other things
Glory and Riches are particularly considered.

Humbly inscribed to

THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM,
FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY,
AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

FEW ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, *Is man immortal, or not?* If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of

skill. In this case, *truth, reason, religion*, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shewn) mere empty sounds, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is I conceive, the real source and support of all our infidelity, how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearance affect most men much more than *abstract reasonings*; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible. The power which *inclination* has over the *judgment* is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest, that souls should not survive! The Heathen world confessed that they rather hoped, than firmly believed, immortality! and how many Heathens have we still among us! The sacred page assures us, *that life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel*: but by how man is the Gospel rejected or overlook'd! From these considerations, and from my being accidentally privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all our infidels, (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for arguments sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their

immortality, at the bottom: and I am satisfied, that men, once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians: for it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not, earnestly and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other: and of such an earnest and impartial inquiry I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of *this* most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered;—arguments derived from principles which *infidels* admit in common with *believers*:—arguments which appear to me altogether irresistible, and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall here occur which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points, the most important:—for as to the being of a GOD, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for *this* reason only, viz. because where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable: and, of consequence, no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by vanity, which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

NIGHT VI.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

PART I.

SHE*—(for I know not yet her name in heav'n)
Not early, like NARCISSA, left the scene;
Nor sudden, like PHILANDER. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames :
This *fancy'd* med'cine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine which exhorts,
By tardy pleasures still-increasing weight,
From hardest hearts, confession of distress.
O the long dark approach, through years of
 pain,
Death's gall'ry! (might I dare to call it so)
With dismal doubt and sable terror hung,—
Sick *Hope's* pale lamp its only glimm'ring ray;
There Fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid *self-love* itself to flatter there.
How oft I gaze, pathetically sad!
How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles!
In smiles she sunk *her* grief to lessen *mine* :
She spoke me comfort, and increased my pain.
Like pow'rful armies trenching at a town,
By slow and silent, but resistless, sap,—

* * The Poet, Night V. line 1022, proposes to collect the acts of death, or, in unfigurative language, to enumerate distinguished friends who had recently departed. He here continues the subject.

In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege ; in spite of art,—
Of all the balmy blessings Nature lends
To succour, frail humanity! Ye Stars!
(Not now first made familiar to my sight)
And thou, O Moon! bear witness; many
night

He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Ty'd down my sore attention to the shock,
By ceaseless depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
Of observation! darker ev'ry hour!
Less dread the day that drove *me* to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my soul shudder'd at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important dye
Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life, my title to more woe.

But why more woe? more comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and harrass'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* wish most ardent of the wise?
Too dark the sun to see it; highest stars
Too low to reach it; *Death*, great *Death* alone,
O'er stars and sun triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our *transition*; though the mind,
An artist at creating self-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? the tyrant never *sat*.
Our sketch, all random strokes,—conjecture all
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale

Death and his image rising in the brain
Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil; Fancy loves excess;
Dark Ignorance is lavish of her shades;
And these the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst; 'tis past; new prospects
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb. [rise;
Far other views our contemplation claim,—
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of immortality,
Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on,
And find the *soul* unsated with her theme.
Its *Nature, Proof, Importance*, fire my song.
O that my song could emulate my soul!
Like her immortal. No!—the soul disdains
A mark so mean; far nobler hope inflames;
If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inspire.

Thy *nature*, Immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
And spun for ever; dipt by cruel Fate
In *Stygian* dye, how black, how brittle, *here*!
How short our correspondence with the sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious!—our best deeds
How wanting in their weight! our highest joys
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how *great*
To mingle int'rests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! to live free citizens

Of universal Nature! to lay hold,
By *more* than feeble faith, on the Supreme!
To call heav'n's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines which support archangels in their state)
Our own! to rise in science, as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity!
The plan and execution to collate!
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow, blown remote, and leave
No mystery—but that of LOVE divine,
Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
From earth's ACELDAMA, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
From darkness and from dust, to *such* a scene!
Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
From earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more
With exquisite vicissitude of fate! [fair!
Bless'd absolution of our blackest hour!

LORENZO! these are thoughts that make *man*
The wise illumine, aggrandize the great. [MAN
How great! (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
The clod we tread, soon trodden by our sons,)
How great, in the wild whirl of *time's* pursuits,
To stop, and pause; involv'd in high presage,
Through the long visto of a thousand years.
To stand contemplating our distant selves,
As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To prophecy our own futurities!— [scends!
To gaze in thought on what all thought tran-
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys

As far beyond conception as desert;
Ourselves th' astonished talkers and the tale!

LORENZO! swells thy bosom at the thought?
To swell becomes thee:—'tis an honest pride.
Revere *thyself*:—and yet *thyself* despise.
His *nature* no man can o'er-rate, and none
Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
Nor there be modest, where thou should'st be
That almost universal error shun. [proud;
How just our pride, when we behold those
heights!

Not those *Ambition* paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *Virtue* gains,
And *angels* emulate. Our pride how just.
When mount we?—When these shackles cast?
—When quit

This cell of the creation?—this small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud and fine spun air?
Fine-spun to *sense*,—but gross and feculent
To souls *celestial*; souls ordain'd to breathe
Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;
Greatly triumphant on Time's farther shore,
Where *Virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears,
While *Pomp* imperial begs an alms of *Peace*.

In empire high, or in proud science deep,
Ye born of Earth!—on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gust, the glow, of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praise and share?
Man's *fates* and *favours* are a theme in heav'n.

What wretched repetition cloy's us *here*!
What periodic potions for the sick!
Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds!—
In an eternity what scenes shall strike!

Adventures thicken! novelties surprise!
What webs of wonder shall unravel *there!*—
What full day pour on all the paths of heav'n,
And light th'ALMIGHTY's footsteps in the deep!
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of Fate,
And strengthen its inextricable maze!

If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know, how rich, how full, our banquet *there!*
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately seen in shades,
And in those shades by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the lab'ring eye;
Unbroken, *then*, illustrious and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In *full* dimensions, swells to the survey,
And enters, at *one* glance, the ravish'd sight.
From some superior point, (where who can tell?
Suffice it 'tis a point where gods reside,)
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of æther pure,
In endless voyage without port? *The least*
Of these disseminated orbs how *great!*
Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,—
Huge as LEVIATHAN to that *small* race,
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unperceiv'd! Stupendous *these*;
Yet what are these stupendous to the whole?
As particles, as atoms ill-perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vast the plan. Fecundity divine!
Exub'rant Source! perhaps I wrong thee still.

If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport hence! yet this the least in heav'n.
What *this* to that illustrious robe He wears,
Who toss'd this mass of wonders from His hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his pow'r?
'Tis to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest flow'ret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what this sun of heav'n!
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest?
Death, only death the question can resolve.
By death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The *bare* ideas; solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chas'd below.

And chase we still the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till *death*?
And toil we still for *sublunary* pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our more than vitals spin, (if no regard
To great futurity,) in curious webs
Of subtle thought and exquisite design,
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A name! a mortal immortality!

Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air,
For sordid lucre plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, sweat, through ev'ry shame, for ev'ry
For vile contaminating trash; throw up [gain,
Our hope in heav'n, our dignity with man,
And deify the dirt matur'd to gold?
AMBITION, AV'RICE,—the two *dæmons* these
Which goad through ev'ry slough our human herd,
Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How *low* the wretches stoop! how *steep* they
climb!

These *dæmons* burn mankind, but most possess
LORENZO'S bosom, and turn out the skies.

Is it in *time* to hide ETERNITY?
And why not in an *atom* on the shore
To cover *ocean*? or a *mote* the *sun*?
Glory and wealth! have *they* this blinding pow'r?
What if to them I prove Lorenzo blind?
Would it surprise thee? be thou then surpris'd :
Thou *neither* know'st:—their nature learn from
me.

Mark well,—as foreign as the subjects seem,
What close connexion ties them to my theme.
FIRST, what is *true ambition*? The pursuit
Of glory, nothing *less* than man can share.
Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests animals might boast,
And claim their *laurel* crowns as well as we,
But not *celestial*. Here we stand alone,
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
If *prone* in thought, our stature is our shame,
And man should blush,—his forehead meets the
The *visible* and *present* are for brutes; [skies.
A slender portion, and a narrow bound!
These, reason, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unseen*;
The vast unseen; the future fathomless!
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving gross Nature's sediments below,—
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into MAN.
This is ambition;—*this* is human fire.

Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
LORENZO great, and pluck him from the throng?

Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings
Our boast but ill deserve: a feeble aid!

Dedalian engin'ry! If *these* alone

Assist our flight, *Fame's* flight is *Glory's* fall.

Heart-merit *wanting*, mount we ne'er so high,

Our height is but the gibbet of our name.

A celebrated wretch when I behold,

When I behold a genius bright and base,

Of tow'ring talents and terrestrial aims,

Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,

The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,

With rubbish mix'd, and glitt'ring in the dust:

Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight:

At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise——

But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,

If wanting worth, are shining instruments

In false Ambition's hand, to finish faults

Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great ill is an achievement of great *pow'rs*.

Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.

Reason the means; *affections* chuse our end.

Means have no merit, if our end amiss.

If wrong our *hearts*, our *heads* are right in vain.

What is a PELHAM's head, to PELHAM's heart?

Hearts are proprietors of all applause.

Right ends and means make wisdom. Worldly-

Is but half-witted, at its highest praise. [wise

Let *genius*, then, despair to make thee great,

Nor flatter *station*:—What is station high?

'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts and begs,

It begs an alms of homage from the throng,

And oft the throng denies its charity.

Monarchs and Ministers are awful names;
Whoever wear them challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave; all more is Merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right,
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth,
Nor ever fail of their allegiance *there*.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,—
His *own*,—descending *fairly* from his sires;
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in *ermine* scorn a soul *without*!
Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pigmies are pigmies still, though perch'd on Alps,
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself.
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when *Egypt's* fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in immortality.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for pow'r;
What station charms thee? I'll instal thee *there*;
'Tis *thine*. And art thou greater than before?
Then thou *before* wast something less than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean which *staffs* or *strings* can raise:
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,

From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies.
'Tis born of Ignorance, which knows not man:
An angel's second; nor his second, long.
A NERO, quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
With empire's self to pride or rapture fir'd.
If nobler motives minister no cure,
Ev'n vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place! 'tis more,
It makes the *post* stand candidate for *thee*;
Makes more than *monarchs*, makes an *honest man*:
Though no Exchequer it commands,—'tis
wealth;—

And though it wears no ribband,—'tis renown:
Renown, that would not quit thee though disgrac'd,

Nor leave thee pendant on a master's smile.
Other ambition Nature interdicts;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin and end;
Milk and a swathe, *at first*, his whole demand;
His whole domain, *at last*, a turf or stone;
To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.

Souls truly great, dart forward on the wing
Of just ambition, to the grand result,—
The curtain's fall;—*there* see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene,
Reduc'd to his own stature, *low* or *high*,
As *vice* or *virtue* sinks him, or sublimes;
And laugh at this fantastic mummary,
This antic prelude of grotesque events,
Where *dwarfs* are often *stilted*, and betray
A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,

And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
To *Christian* pride! which had with horror shock'd
The darkest *Pagans*, offer'd to their gods.

O thou Most Christian enemy to peace!
Again in arms? Again provoking Fate?
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword *reluctant*, gladly sheaths;
On empire builds, what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a *scaffold* to the skies.

Why this so rare? because forgot of *all*
The day of death; that venerable day, [nounce
Which sits as judge;—that day which shall pro-
On all our days; absolve them, or condemn.
LORENZO! never shut thy thought against it;
Be *levees* ne'er so full, afford *it* room,
And give *it* audience in the cabinet.
That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair if thou art *great* or *mean*.

To dote on aught may *leave* us, or be *left*,
Is that ambition?—then let flames descend,
Point to the centre their inverted spires,
And learn humiliation from a soul
Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
Yet *these* are they the world pronounces wise:
The world, which cancels Nature's right and
wrong,

And casts new wisdom: ev'n the *grave man* lends
His solemn face to countenance the coin.
Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the *wisest* weak, the *richest* poor.
The most ambitious, unambitious, mean,—
In triumph, mean: and abject on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man,

To put forth all his ardor, all his art,
And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching Him who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness and true renown;
Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

AMBITION! pow'rful source of good and ill!
Thy strength in man, like *length* of wing in birds,
When disengag'd from earth, with greater ease,
And swifter flight, *transports* us to the skies:—
By toys *entangled*, or in guilt *bemir'd*,
It turns a *curse*: it is our chain and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Close-grated by the sordid bars of *sense*;
All prospect of eternity shut out,
And but for execution ne'er set free.

With error in *ambition* justly charg'd,
Find we LORENZO wiser in his wealth?
What if thy rental I reform, and draw
An inventory *new* to set thee right? [me:—
Where, thy *true* treasure? Gold says, 'Not in
And, 'Not in me,' the Diamond. Gold is poor;
India's insolvent: seek it in thyself;
Seek in thy naked self, and find it *there*;
In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
Erect; immortal; rational; divine!
In *senses*, which inherit earth and heav'n,
Enjoy the various riches Nature yields,
(Far nobler) *give* the riches they enjoy;
Give taste to fruits, and harmony to groves,

Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright
fire,

Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wondrous world they see.

Our senses, as our reason, are divine.

But for the magic organ's pow'rful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolor'd chaos, still.

Objects are but th' occasion, ours th' exploit;

Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,

Which Nature's admirable picture draws,

And beautifies creation's ample dome.

Like *Milton's Eve*, when gazing on the lake,

Man makes the matchless image man admires.

Say then,—shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,

Superior wonders in himself forgot,

His admiration waste on objects round,

When Heav'n makes him the soul of all he sees?

Absurd! not rare! so great, so mean is man.

What wealth in *senses* such as these!—what

In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene [wealth

Than sense surveys! In *Mem'ry's* firm record,

Which, should it perish, could this world recal

From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!

In colours fresh, originally bright,

Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!

What wealth in *intellect*, that sov'reign pow'r!

Which *sense* and *fancy* summons to the bar;

Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;

And from the mass those *underlings* import,

From their materials sifted, and refin'd,

And in *Truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,

Forms *art*, and *science*, *government* and *law*;

The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,

The vitals, and the grace, of *civil* life!
And manners (sad exception!) set aside,
Strikes out, with master hand, a copy fair
Of His idea, whose indulgent thought,
Long, long ere Chaos teem'd, plann'd human bliss.

What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range
around,

Disdaining limit or from place or time,
And hear, at once, in thought extensive, hear,
Th' Almighty Fiat, and the trumpet's sound!
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be;—
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creation's new in Fancy's field to rise!—
Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild through things impossible!
What *wealth* in *faculties* of endless growth,
In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to chuse, in *pow'r* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches rise!)
Duration to *perpetuate*—boundless bliss!

Ask you what pow'r resides in feeble man
That bliss to gain? Is *virtue's* then unknown?
Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural *estate*,
Improvable at will, in *virtue* lies;
Its tenure *sure*, its income is *divine*.

High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more,
Then make a richer scramble for the throng.
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long,
Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish, from displying engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;

Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New masters court, and call the former fool
(How justly!) for dependance on their stay.
Wide scatter, first, our playthings, then our dust.

Dost court abundance for the sake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme:
Riches enable to be richer still;
And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist?
Thus wealth (a cruel task-master!) enjoins
New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train!
And murders peace, which taught it first to shine.
The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich;
Whose proud and painful privilege it is
At once to bear a double load of woe:
To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want! both *Indies* cannot cure.

A competence is vital to content;—
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease:
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness.
A competence is all we can enjoy.
O be *content*, where *Heav'n* can give no more!
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirit's movement for an hour,
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
As bees in flow'rs, and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns,
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.
Much learning shews how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldings can enjoy:
At best it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkies at a mirror stand amaz'd,

They fail to find what they so plainly see:—
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of Happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want!
Who *lives* to *Nature* rarely can be poor;
Who *lives* to *Fancy* never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to *Fortune*, trembles at her pow'r:
The man of *reason* smiles at her and death.
O what a patrimony this! a being
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possess can raise it; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure; which holds on its glorious course
When thine, O *Nature*! ends; too blest to
mourn

Creation's obsequies. What treasure this!
The *monarch* is a beggar to the *man*.

Immortal ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! life
Beginning still where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a deity!
'Tis the description of the *meanest slave*!
The meanest slave dares then *LORENZO* scorn?
The meanest slave thy sov'reign glory shares.
Proud Youth! fastidious of the lower world!
Man's lawful pride includes humility;
Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find
Inferiors! all immortal! brothers all!

Proprietors eternal of thy love.

Immortal!—what can strike the sense so *strong*,
As *this* the soul? *it* thunders to the thought,
Reason amazes, gratitude o'erwhelms:—

No more we slumber on the brink of Fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambition high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us,
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.

Has not LORENZO's bosom caught the flame?

Immortal! were but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Because 'tis *common*, is the blessing *lost*?

How this ties up the bounteous hand of Heav'n!

O vain, vain, vain, all *else*! ETERNITY!

A glorious and a *needful* refuge, *that*
From vile imprisonment in abject view.

'Tis *immortality*, 'tis that alone,

Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,

The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill:

That only and that amply this performs;

Lifts us above life's *pains*, her *joys* above;

Their *terror* those, and these their *lustre* lose;

Eternity depending covers all;

Eternity depending all achieves;

Sets earth at distance; casts her into shades;

Blends her distinctions; abrogates her pow'rs;

The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,

Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,

Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,

The man beneath; if I may call *him* man,

Whom immortality's full force inspires.

Nothing terrestrial touches *his* high thought;

Suns shine *unseen*, and thunders roll *unheard*,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward ev'ry wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost!

Doubt you this truth? why labours your belief?
If earth's whole orb, by some due distant eye
Where seen at once, her tow'ring *Alps* would
And levell'd *Atlas* leave an even sphere. [sink,
Thus *earth*, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in *Eternity's* vast round.
To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside, and *equal* all below.

Enthusiastic this? then *all* are weak
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd, or martyrs ne'er had
And *all* may do what has by *man* been done. [bled:
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd? [dawn
What slave unblest'd, who from to-morrow's
Expects an empire? he forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.

And what a sceptre waits *us*! what a throne!—
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul divine!

Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy:
What heart but trembles at so strong a bliss?

In spite of all the truths the Muse has sung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revol'd!

Are there who wrap the world so close about
them,

They see no farther than the clouds ; and dance
On heedless Vanity's fantastic toe ;—
Till stumbling at a straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and
Are there, LORENZO?—Is it possible?— [song?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts,
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore,
Or rock of its inestimable gem? [these
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish,
Shall know their treasure ; treasure then no more.

Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
The *rising* thought? who smother, in its *birth*,
The glorious truth? who *struggle* to be brutes?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with revers'd ambition, *strive* to sink?
Who labor downwards through th' opposing
pow'rs

Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night? night darker than the grave's?
Who *fight* the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemers, and rank Atheists to *themselves*?

To *contradict* them see *all Nature* rise!
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?

To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire*?
All things proclaim it *needful* ; some advance

One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From *heav'n*, and *earth*, and *man*. Indulge a few,
By nature, as her *common habit*, worn;
So *pressing* PROVIDENCE a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.

Thou! whose all providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's Inhabitant august!

Of two eternities amazing Lord!

One past ere man's or angel's had begun,
Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious immortality in man;
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
By those who love Thee most, who most adore.

Nature, Thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee thee Great Immutable, to man
Speaks wisdom: is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her is most wise.

LORENZO! to this heav'nly Delphos haste,
And come back all-immortal, all divine.
Look Nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All *change*, no *death*: day follows night, and night
The dying day: stars rise and set, and rise:
Each takes th' example. See, the *Summer* gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flow'rs,
Droops into pallid *Autumn*: *Winter* gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows *Autumn*, and his golden fruits away, [breath
Then melts into the *Spring*: soft *Spring*, with
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recals the *first*. All, to reflowerish, fades:

As in a wheel all *sinks* to *re-ascend*:
Emblems of man, who *passes*, not *expires*.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature *revolves*, but man *advances*; both
ETERNAL; that a circle, this a line:

That *gravitates*, this *soars*. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent and tremulous, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and humility her wings, to heav'n.

The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death.
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.

No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the MOST HIGH.

What hence infers LORENZO? can it be?

Matter immortal? and shall spirit die?

Above the nobler shall less noble rise?

Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,

No resurrection know? Shall man alone,

Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,

Less privileg'd than grain on which he feeds?—

Is man, in whom alone is pow'r to prize

The bliss of being; or, with previous pain,

Deplore its period, by the spleen of Fate,

Severely doom'd Death's single unredeem'd?

If Nature's revolution speaks aloud

In her gradation, hear her louder still.

Look Nature through, 'tis neat gradation all.

By what minute degrees her scale ascends!

Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,

To that above it join'd, to that beneath,

Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,

Abhor divorce. What love of union reigns!

Here dormant matter waits a call to life; [sense,

Half-life, half-death, join'd there: here life and

There sense from reason steals a glim'ring ray :
Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life ? those realms of bliss
Where death hath no dominion ? *Grant* a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal ; *earthly* part,
And part *ethereal* : grant the soul of man
Eternal, or in man the series *ends*.
Widelyawns the gap ; connection is no more ;
Check'd Reason halts, her next step *wants* sup-
port ;

Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme,
A scheme, *Analogy* pronounc'd so true ;
Analogy ! man's surest guide below.

Thus far *all Nature* calls on thy belief ;—
And will LORENZO, careless of the call,
False attestation on all Nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with Death ?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust belov'd, and run the *risk* of heav'n ?—
O what indignity to deathless souls !
What treason to the majesty of man !

Of man immortal ! Hear the lofty style :
If so decreed, th' ALMIGHTY Will be done.
Let earth dissolve,—*yon'* pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust. The soul is *safe* ;
The man *emerges* ; *mounts* above the wreck,
As tow'ring *flame* from Nature's *fun'ral* pile ;
O'er devastation, as a *gainer*, smiles ;
His *charter*, his inviolable *rights*,
Well-pleas'd to *learn* from Thunder's *impotence*,
Death's *pointless* darts, and Hell's *defeated* storms.

But these chimeras touch not thee, LORENZO !
The glories of the world *thy* sev'nfold shield,

Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it if I can,
And turn those glories that enchant against thee.
What ties thee to *this* life proclaims the *next*.
If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.

Come, my *Ambitious*! let us mount together,
(To mount LORENZO, *never* can refuse) [dwell,
And from the clouds, where Pride delights to
Look down on earth—What seest thou? wondrous things!

Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies. [seas
What length of labour'd lands! what loaded
Loaded by man for pleasure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.

Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand:
What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring
spires.

Some 'mid the wond'ring waves majestic rise,
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
See wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or southward turn, to delicate and grand.
The finer arts these ripen in the sun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch
Shews us half heav'n beneath its ample bend.
High through mid air here streams are taught
to flow;

Whole rivers *there*, laid by in basons, sleep.

Here plains turn'd oceans; *there* vast oceans
 join [shore,
 Through kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to
 And chang'd creation takes it face from man.
 Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
 Where fame and empire wait upon the sword?
 See fields in blood; her naval thunders rise;
 BRITANNIA'S voice! that awes the world to
 peace.

How yon' enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-sea, furious waves! their roar amidst
Outspeaks the Deity, and says, 'O Main!
Thus far, no farther; new restraints obey.'
Earth's disembowell'd! measur'd are the skies!
Stars are detected in their deep recess!
Creation widens! vanquish'd Nature yields!
Her secrets are extorted! art prevails!
What monuments of genius, spirit, pow'r!

And now LORENZO! raptur'd at this scene,
Whose glories render heav'n *superfluous*! say,
Whose footsteps these?—IMMORTALS have been
here:

Could *less* than souls immortal this have done?
Earth's *cover'd o'er* with proofs of souls immor-
And proofs of immortality forgot. [tal,

To flatter thy grand foible, I confess
These are *Ambition's* works and these are *great* :
But this, the least immortal souls can do :—
Transcend them all.—But what can these trans-
cend?

Dost ask me what?—one sigh for the distressed,
What *then* for Infidels? a deeper sigh.
'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man.
How little *they*, who think aught great below?

All our ambitions death defeats, but one ;
And that it crowns.—Here cease we ; but, ere
long, [thee.
More pow'rful *proof* shall take the field against
Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

END OF VOL. I.

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